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NATIONAL REVIEW

MEANWHILE, IN A BOSTON COURTROOM...

by Arlene Croce

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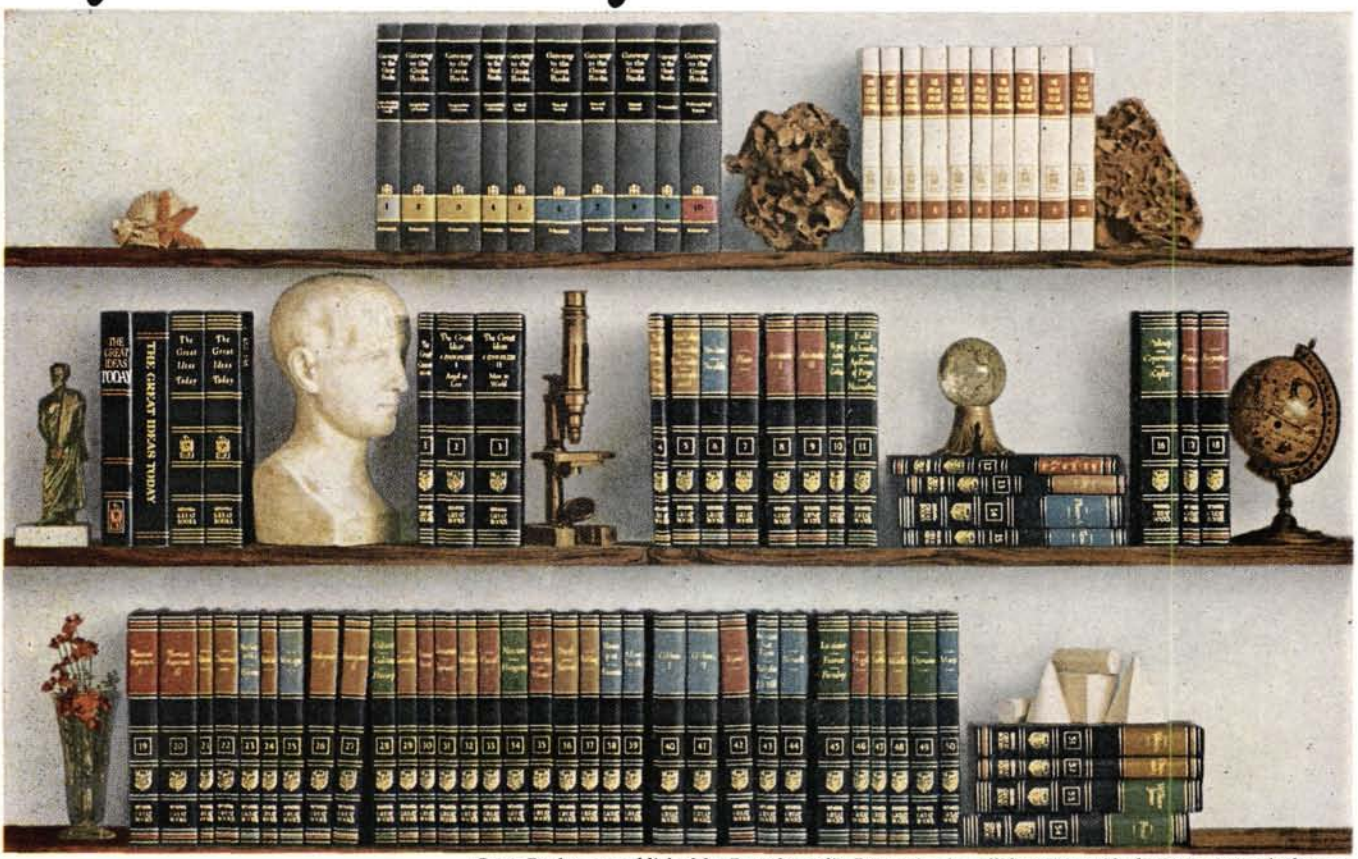

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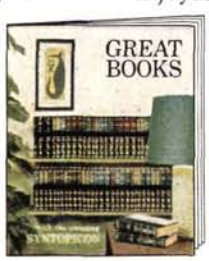

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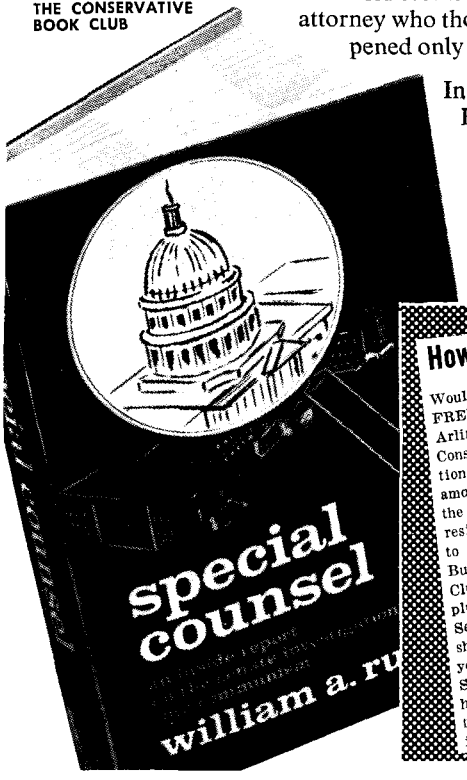

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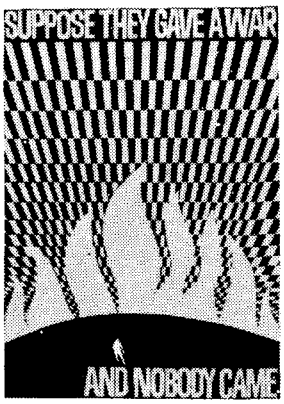

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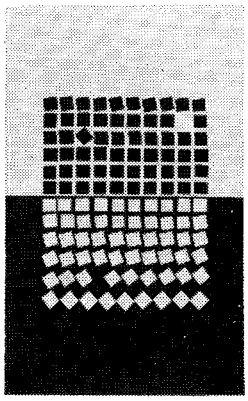

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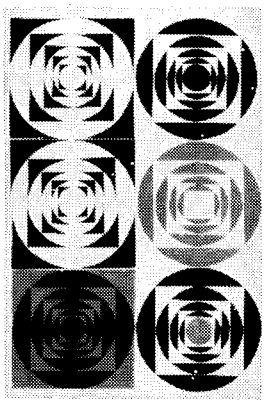

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JUNE 18, 1968

NATIONAL REVIEW

VOL. XX NO. 24

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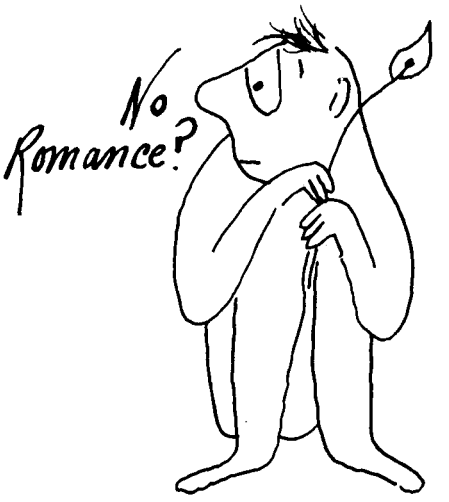
IN THIS ISSUE

■ When assassins are loose in the land, trouble is a-brewing for even the most innocent and remote observers. The political shock of the assault in California was echoed in a typographical shock in New York, where, at the latest possible moment, the front cover, feature article, and general thrust of this issue had to be transformed. James Jackson Kilpatrick's magnificent but harshly candid portrayal of Robert Kennedy had to go, and with it the cold caricature on the cover. Under the circumstances **Jeffrey Hart's** solemn essay on civil violence possesses an especial appropriateness, and let's not flinch at the point he makes, which needs constant repetition: "A government unwilling to do what is necessary to enforce the law and to maintain order deserves to be replaced. Unfortunately it is true that these tasks have been made more difficult in recent years by an erosion of concern for law and for public order—an erosion often assisted by persons who should know better. A few years ago, for example, Adlai Stevenson remarked to a college audience that breaking the law in a good cause was all very well, and that the leadership of the country would soon very likely pass to those who had done some time in jail. Others, from Martin Luther King to Dr. Spock . . . have been remarkably casual with respect to perfectly valid laws. . . ." **Arlene Croce** makes the same point about the trial of Dr. Spock, which she had been observing: "At what point does a man blaring forth on national television his admiration for persons outside the law cease simply to make common cause with them and enter a conspiracy to promote like violations?" . . . **William F. Rickenbacker** concludes his report on his recent trip to Greece. . . . **Charles Foley** reports, from Rome, on the Vatican's "CIA". . . . **Nika Standen Hazelton** plunges into a vat of boiling oil and comes up smiling. It's legal, it's delicious, it's fondue. . . . Perusing the New Left, **James Burnham** notes that its patron saint, Herbert Marcuse, was in the OSS and the State Department from 1941 to 1950. . . . **Russell Kirk,** amidst anarchical students, restates the case for humane learning. . . . **Wm. F. Buckley** rejoices that Barry Goldwater has won the first round of a libel suit against porno Ralph Ginzburg. Buckley also points out what is wrong in all the talk of a Rockefeller-Reagan ticket—which is everything, and discusses the racial situation in Cleveland in his third column.

■ NATIONAL REVIEW's publisher, William A. Rusher, has written a corking good memoir of his tour of duty with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, and **Eugene Lyons** gives it a rousing welcome. Especially interesting: Rusher's account of the strange and "elusive" Senator Jacob Javits. . . . **Guy Davenport** has had the good luck to come across a couple of good novels, not all new, and tells why we owe them a warm reading. . . . Louis Hacker's recent recreation of the age of Andrew Carnegie gets a warm hand from **James E. Dornan Jr.**, a new voice in these pages, who can usually be heard in political science lectures at Catholic University. . . . **Peter Witonski** is reminded by a recent biography of Thomas Wolfe that the best job was done by Wolfe himself, in those four monolithic novels. . . . **CHS** hates teevy.



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LETTERS

NR's New Look

Love—repeat, love—your magazine. Do not like—repeat, do not like—your new format. Please be conservative and stick to the traditional form.

Cambridge, Mass. DAN T. HASTINGS

Take it from one who has been with you since the butcher-paper days: Your new format is a joy—crisp, elegant, handsome. It makes *NR* as good to look at as it is to read. Who said conservatives are against change?

Burlington, Vt. HOWARD MOON

Disproving Boyle's Law

In his article ["The Catholic Plot against the Catholic Church," May 21], Joseph P. Boyle speaks of the changing of Church doctrine, yet he fails to mention one doctrine that has been changed. Church doctrine has its origin in Christ and will never be *changed*, although our understanding of doctrines and their implications may be deepened and extended. Further, Mr. Boyle seems ignorant of the fact that the Catholic Church has always taught that the individual is ultimately responsible to the dictates of his conscience, although he does have the obligation of forming a right conscience. I agree that theologians, bishops and a multitude of individuals within the Church may stumble and err in their earnest efforts to make Christ's Church a vital force in the world today, but I also believe in the words of Christ which promised that the Spirit would remain in the Church until the end of time, thus assuring the impossibility of its destruction.

Brooklyn, N.Y. ANNE M. O'SULLIVAN

Mr. Boyle points out vaguely that "modern thought has generally passed over the philosophy of St. Thomas" and that avant-garde Catholic theologians are turning accordingly to a subjectivist approach "more in keeping with the current mood of youth." There are a number of qualifications one could attach to that contention, but it should be sufficient to point out that nowhere in his article does Mr. Boyle mention Jesuit theologian Bernard Lonergan and the Transcendental Thomist movement which is slowly (and quietly) attracting adherents among Catholic intellectuals. No one who has braved Fr. Lonergan's monumental *Insight* (Philosophical Library, 1957) can possibly abandon himself to the notion that rational thought is dissolving within the Church. And while

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there is and will continue to be silliness among the revolutionaries, even a conservative like myself can be thankful for some of the changes that have emerged from the revolution. For example, I can appreciate the fact that the Church no longer binds me under pain of sin not to expose my innocent mind to such things as the scandalous despair of Mr. Boyle's article.

Santa Clara, Calif. JOHN DUNLAP

Please spare us such absurdities as "The Catholic Plot Against the Catholic Church." Obviously Mr. Boyle is an enemy of the Church in the classic sense. The present diversity developing within the Roman Catholic Church offers a great richness and attempts to polarize divisions in terms of schism are truly the insidious machinations of the enemy, i.e. the powers of darkness.

REV. FRANCIS J. SULLIVAN
Roman Catholic Chaplain
Bethlehem, Pa. Lehigh University

Thank you for Mr. Boyle's enlightening article. One point, though, needs clearing up: the orthodox teaching on papal infallibility. The Pope (himself) never participates in or is himself (personally) ever capable of producing an infallible statement, even when speaking *ex cathedra* for the Universal Church. The Pope is truly the *instrument* of infallibility in *ex cathedra* statements, but being the instrument and being the surgeon are two different things. Only the Holy Ghost is, essentially, infallible. I fully realize that Mr. Boyle has no trouble with this important distinction, but I fear many Catholic as well as non-Catholic readers will.

Bronx, N.Y. JOHN M. MULLIN

Mark Edelson's article "Farewell Columbia" [May 21] showed an excellent insight into the problems the university is facing. However certain points in the article leave themselves open to contention.

Mr. Edelson's allegation that minimum force was used to clear the occupied buildings and that the students submitted almost without resistance to the police bears some looking into. To disprove the first point one need only to have heard or read the testimony of teachers on the scene, the journalist who was booted down several flights of stairs and doctors at the hospital where over one hundred student agitators received treatment for fractures and deep lacerations. Without trying to justify either one extreme or the other, the police account of the clear-and-hold operation must be cited. According to this report, the students in the building showered the advancing law officers with pieces of wood or metal, bit and scratched the policemen and aimed kicks at the vital organs of the arresting officers. Mr. Edelson's apparent exultation over the fact that tear gas was not used is not justified. Wouldn't it have been better to discomfit the students for a short time than to let them carry their battle scars for several weeks? The ultimate objective would have been accomplished with much less scandal and blood-letting.

Ending the article with the sentence "This generation is really lost" was very bad. Since the majority of students at Columbia didn't participate in the illegal seizure of campus buildings they shouldn't be included in the lost minority. Being sixteen I have the dubious honor of membership in this "lost" generation and I resent having that adjective applied to me. Even so, on the whole the article was very good.

ANDERSON FRANKLIN

Jackson Heights, N.Y.

Individuality Under Jewish Law

The extent of Max Geltman's knowledge of Jewish tradition ["The Non-Dominant Elite," May 7] probably does not go beyond the stories he heard from his parents and grandparents, a system that usually passes along as much fancy as fact. The tradition of not counting Jews (it has nothing to do with the use of Yiddish) is derived from the first Jewish census, taken by Moses after leaving Egypt. Instead of counting heads, each Jewish male would be made to turn in a shekel coin, which in turn would be counted. This was done because the Jewish Law holds the individual in such high esteem that it did not want him reduced to a mere number (a complaint we often hear in today's punch-card society). The custom has nothing to do with evil spirits (belief in which is forbidden by the Law) or with preventing the *goyim* from knowing how many Jews were in a community.

Boston, Mass. ERWIN FREEDMAN

Riots in the Services?

With reference to "the Arnheiter case" [NR, March 26], your correspondent Commander Collins sees "something basically wrong with the entire handling of the case." From the perspective of twenty years as a Navy enlisted man, starting before World War II until six years ago, I saw a basic wrong gradually insinuating itself into what had been an exemplary discipline—the same wrong that affects the world today, the spirit of revolt and the rejection of responsibility. But besides the growing number of those who couldn't care less—at least not until someone puts it into their heads to start smashing things—we have been experiencing a struggle between those who think man can be coaxed and coddled into stern duty—the permissives—and those who face the reality of man's damaged nature: theologically, original sin.

If sloppy ships and insolence are tolerated in the Navy today, as Mr. Kilpatrick's article seems to indicate, there is a reason for it. We are reaping the harvest of the "liberal mentality" that has put authority on the defensive in the home, the school, and on our riot-torn streets. When will the riots start in the Army, the Air Force, and in the Navy? In other words, how soon complete anarchy?

W. F. STROJIE
Elko, Nev. AGC USNFR

More on the Draft

David Franke, in his book review [March 26] of three books on the draft and voluntary service, makes a statement about "compulsory 'humanitarian' service" being "distasteful to many people" and "probably unconstitutional."

I would like to know since when has a draft for military purposes ceased being humanitarian, excepting of course its use for warfare that is engaged in for non-protective reasons, even overlooking the fact that it can be and certainly has been used by the United States during the twentieth century for obvious and explicit humanitarian purposes abroad. Is not the decided emphasis given to the reasons for the United States fighting the Vietnam war primarily moral, that is to say, humanitarian, in terms of a foreign people and nation, rather than strategic?

However, even if the reasons being given for the participation in warfare are primarily or even exclusively strategic, why is this not also humanitarian? Are not those unable to fight, whether willing to fight or not, the beneficiaries of such a system of compulsory military service? Unless one argues that those capable of defending themselves will be unwilling to defend themselves and their own interests, or unable or unwilling to organize voluntarily to defend themselves and their interests, the government thereby forcing them to organize for their interest and welfare rather than the interest and welfare of others within the nation, the draft, even for legitimate reasons of national defense is unquestionably humanitarian. Even some would argue that forcing people for their own good, not the good of others, is also humanitarian.

College Park, Md. JONATHAN S. MILLER

Other Counties Heard From

Though not myself a conservative, I have read your magazine with interest for some time. This semester in reading your comments on college publications, notably Russell Kirk's "Square Journalists with Imagination" [From the Academy, June 4], I have been surprised to note your neglect of what is to my mind one of the liveliest campus publications in the Midwest. I refer to the *Alternative*, published at Indiana University. Its editors have twice had to close down the presses and yet they have "risen again on the third day." While fearing their growing influence I nonetheless admire their spunk. Russell Kirk and you should, also.

Bloomington, Ind. J. D. MCQUEEN

I have been a devoted connoisseur of Rus-

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sell Kirk for years, and now I issue my first complaint. I thought his summary of magazines put out by rightist students was highly incomplete, because praise—like charity—begins at home.

Specifically, he included publications of Young Americans for Freedom from other areas of the country but omitted the *Conservative Journal,* put out by New York YAF. This is a group of sharp young men. In the name of equity, please give them mention.

Jamaica, N. Y. STEVEN BENDLEY GRAFF

A Correction

On pp. 506/7 of the May 21st issue of NATIONAL REVIEW Guy Davenport reviewed Kenneth Pearson and Patricia Connor's recent book *The Dorak Affair.* Referring to the Turkish government he writes, "For a while it stopped all British digs." This is inaccurate.

During my seven years as Director of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara, no season has passed without at least two British excavations, to wit:

1961: four
1962: three
1963: three
1964: two
1965: four
1966: two
1967: four

Furthermore, at the invitation of the Turkish authorities this Institute is to send two expeditions in 1968 to assist in a rescue operation on sites scheduled to be flooded when the Keban Dam project on the Euphrates is completed.

MICHAEL GOUGH
Director, British Institute of Archaeology
Ankara, Turkey

'Ultraliberal'

While looking up a word under the letter "U" in my *Webster's New World Dictionary* (1964 edition) my eye was drawn to the word "ultraconservative." Naturally my eye searched the page further for "ultraliberal" and guess what? . . . there ain't no such word.

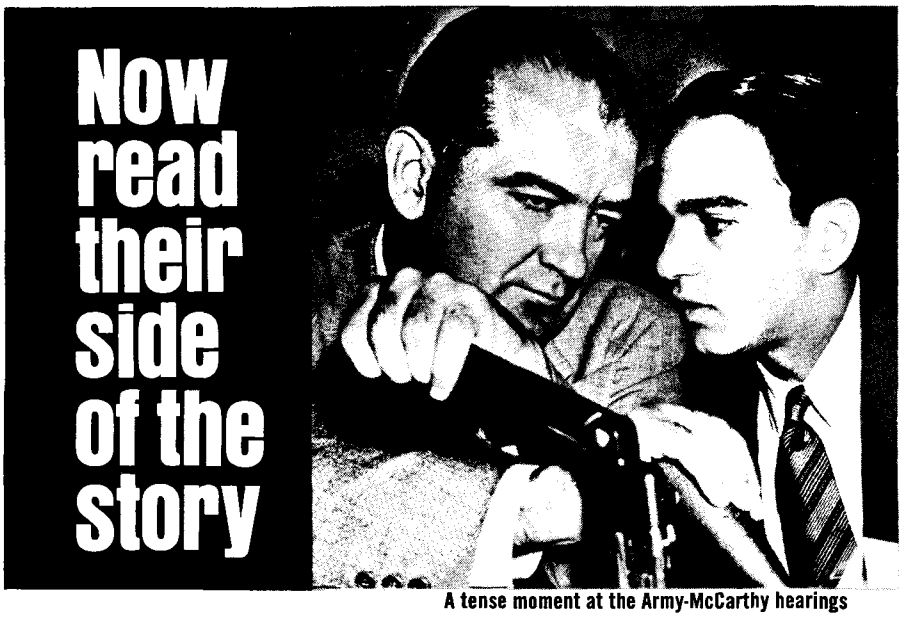
My curiosity led me to look in an older dictionary (*American College Dictionary* 1952 edition) and lo and behold! There used to be a word *ultraliberal* which has undoubtedly been expunged in the ensuing years, at least in the aptly named *New World Dictionary.*

Dunellen, N. J. EDWARD L. MORALLER

Unsocialized America

Anthony Lejeune's "The View From Britain" [May 7] held my interest unequivocally. Ever since moving to London last summer we have been overwhelmed by distortions of the U.S.A. One TV program, released from the U.S. for foreign viewing, showed the head of a "typical" American family turning to crime to get money for his wife's operation!

London BETTE DOREMUS TAYLOR



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THE WEEK

■ In Paris the talks go on, their unreality heightened by the chaos of a general strike, the dissolution of parliament, de Gaulle's desperate bid, and the seeming incommunicability of the aims of Hanoi and Washington. Of course. On a different level, that incommunicability of aims is a faithful reflection of the non-negotiability of the military positions in Vietnam. Talk has become another weapon-system, is recognized as such by both sides, and has therefore lost its pristine propaganda value. No one, not even *they*, described the Paris talks as the "last best hope" for peace in Vietnam, or charges the negotiators with portentous burdens affecting the future of mankind, tra-la, tra-la-la. Paris is the Panmunjom of Vietnam, and the talks will continue until one side or the other wearies of the effort to extend or defend its commitments in the field.

■ It was early Wednesday afternoon before it became apparent that Dr. Max Rafferty had pulled off the impossible and beaten out Senator Thomas Kuchel for the Republican primary nomination in California. Rafferty had started behind. The big money he had hoped for wasn't forthcoming and, biggest hurdle of all, Governor Reagan, true to the 11th Commandment—thou shalt not speak ill of any member of your own party—had not taken sides, strong as the temptation to do so must have been. Kuchel, of course, had refused to support Barry Goldwater and George Murphy in 1964 and Ronald Reagan himself in 1966. In the final weeks the polls showed Kuchel leading, his position reinforced by other polls that indicated he would win handily over Democratic nominee Alan Cranston while Rafferty would trail in a race against Cranston. But when the voting was over Rafferty had won, knocking out the Minority Whip of the Senate. What this indicates is that the Republican Party in California is now solidly conservative, that the wins of Murphy and Reagan were not flukes, but symbols of a swing toward the responsible Right. And what is true in California appears—as we survey the shambles in the liberal wing of the party—to be increasingly true of the GOP everywhere; and maybe of the nation.

■ We wouldn't want to make too much out of it, but a couple of news stories last week seem to point to a conservative trend in public affairs. Most telling was President Johnson's acceptance of a $6 billion cut on proposed federal spending, combined with the federal income surtax—an austere, if slightly wrongminded and surely unusual measure in an election year. Then there was the Texas primary, in which the Texas Democratic Party picked its most conservative candidate for governor, the current Lieutenant Governor Preston Smith, over the much-ballyhooed liberal, Donald Yarborough. Even the *New York Times* is willing to concede that a conservative Republican Presidential candidate may carry Texas in November.

■ A friend who moved to Washington last week writes: "The nights have been punctured by the wails of police car sirens and fire engine bells racing through the ever falling rain. The white people are *overly* courteous to the black people—as if they were hoping to escape the next onslaught because they had been polite to the right people. Washington is, indeed, a nervous city. I thought I would never be ashamed, again, of my country. I thought Hungary had been the pinnacle. I was wrong. The capital of the strongest nation in the world cowers in the presence of 'the Poor'—it has been turned into a vast playground for malcontents and misled honest folk. The TV and newspapers report an increase in car thefts, with the abandoned autos being found at the campsite. Supreme Court windows broken (amusing in a way, that) . . . flags being lowered . . . hundreds eating meals at government cafeterias and not paying for them . . . the Reflecting Pool being used as a fun area . . . You push me in—I'll push you in—Ha! ha! What fun. And the statue of Lincoln stares down at the filth and litter left by those he emancipated. I wonder where we are going?"

■ Common sense is creeping back into some notoriously liberal skulls. Former Ambassador George Kennan, speaking in Virginia last week, declared that the racial problem in this country has "deep historical roots," and expressed his impatience: "I am a little tired of being told how endlessly guilty I am with relation to this situation." He urged Washington to cease giving moral instruction to the universe pending the time when it puts its own house in order back home. On getting something positive accomplished in the cities, he said the only atmosphere of progress must be one of "decency and decorum." As to students rioting, he said it would be better to close the universities than convert them into staging areas for politico-military exercises.

■ Negro students at Northwestern University held the Finance Building for 36 hours in a demand for segregated housing. The administration promised to accede, only to be informed by the Federal Government that it would violate the 1964 Civil Rights Act if it did. Good old 1964. Good old integration. Those were the days.

■ Dr. Arthur Burns, onetime chairman of Eisenhower's Council of Economic Advisers, and now head of the National Bureau of Economic Research, in *Tax Review* (Tax Foundation, NYC), May 1968: "If we are unwilling to practice austerity on a sufficient scale, then an in-

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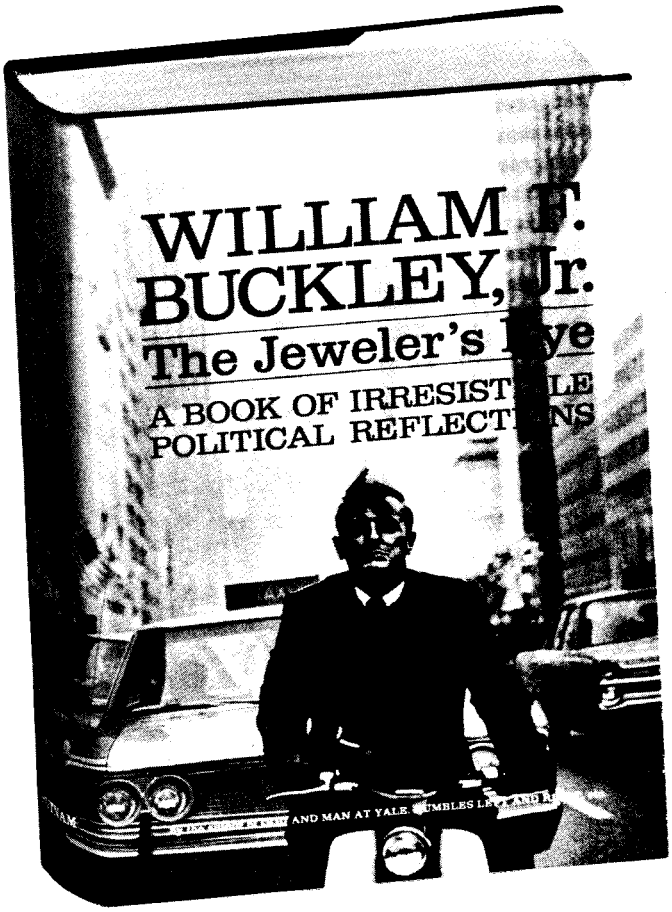

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crease in the price of gold may be the wisest course open to us."

■ The recent YAF-sponsored "trial" of World Communism, held at Georgetown University, apparently got to them. *Izvestia* flared up: "Activists of fascist organizations, with the blessing of the Washington authorities, have been romping in anti-Communistic ecstasy on the university stage. 'Trial of Communism' is what the creators so grandiosely call this political farce. Among them is such an assault detachment of the U.S. extremist circles as the arch-reactionary organization, Young Americans for Freedom. The members are former FBI provocateurs and traitors and renegades who have fled from the socialist countries of Eastern Europe. . . . Now the vain efforts of the American mummers, performing their rubbish in an anti-Communistic frenzy on the stage of Georgetown University, are completely laughable."

■ New York's Freedom and Peace Party held its convention last week and picked a star-studded line-up to head the ticket in November. For President: Dr. Benjamin Spock—that's peace. For Vice President: Mrs. Martin Luther King—that's freedom. For U.S. Senator: Herman Ferguson, late of the Revolutionary Action Movement and currently under indictment for conspiring to kill Roy Wilkins, Whitney Young and other moderate civil rights leaders including, according to one witness, Robert Kennedy. That's what the Freedom and Peace Party is all about.

■ The June *Bulletin* of the John Birch Society tells it like it is in France: "1) The record is absolutely clear that de Gaulle has been a Communist throughout his whole career. . . . 2) In the spring of 1960 de Gaulle confided to General Beaufort that he would make France a Communist nation within two years after he had brought 'peace' to Algeria. . . . 3) In the middle of 1968 de Gaulle is now carrying out the major steps in this conversion of France into a Soviet-satellite. . . . 4) The Insiders running the show may retire de Gaulle to pasture in time—as they did Khrushchev—for their own good reasons." How silly can you get. Doesn't Welch know de Gaulle's just a Flower Child?

Violence in America:

The Political Aftermath

Wednesday, June 5, 3 P.M.

One writes of Robert Kennedy, of necessity, out of the alembic of a deadline hour. The Senator, gravely wounded, yet lives. The television screen brings uncertain bulletins from his bedside.

Meanwhile, the numbed mind searches for some emerging pattern. The Senator may die of the assassin's bullet—may in fact be dead by now. He may survive, but under such pitiful handicaps that he would no longer figure on the Presidential scene. With God's grace, he may achieve a full and quick recovery. As a devoted father, a volatile human being, the eldest son of a family that has undergone too much, too much, Mr. Kennedy will have the prayers of the country as a whole.

Out of the alembic, one seeks to separate the mortal man from the political force. This magazine has opposed the candidacy of Senator Kennedy in the past. Assuming his active survival, we doubtless will oppose his ideas in the future, as we oppose those ideas when put forward by anyone else. In some of his statements of recent weeks the Senator has taken positions relatively more conservative than he has taken in the past. Yet his candidacy, viewed as a whole, continued to reflect a governmental activism at home, and a governmental abdication abroad, that seemed unwise.

The violence that shattered the night of June 4 came at the end of a day which had seen Kennedy salvage a barely satisfactory victory over Eugene McCarthy in the California race. Whatever the aftermath of the assassination attack may be, the four or five points of the Kennedy margin fell short of the landslide he needed. Well before he went to the Ambassador ballroom, Kennedy's hopes for the Democratic nomination had all but vanished in the Los Angeles smog.

The machinery of the Chicago convention, and the nature of political man, already are coming to nullify the Senator's expensive labors of the spring. While Kennedy had been picking up the bill, Humphrey had been picking up delegates. One glances about the country: Humphrey will have most of Pennsylvania's potent delegation, most of Florida's, most of Ohio's. In the past few weeks, he has harvested nine votes in Iowa, ten in Vermont, twelve of sixteen in West Virgina, sixteen of 22 in Delaware. Governor John Connally will cast 104 votes for Texas in Chicago; they will fall in the Humphrey column. To be sure, the parade could yet bog down in a wave of sympathy for a Bobby Kennedy fighting courageously for his very life, but the Humphrey commitments are reasonably solid. By every rational indication Humphrey, unless the shooting brings a dramatic realignment of forces, will be the nominee.

The prospect has its paradoxical aspect. If the combined Kennedy-McCarthy effort since New Hampshire has demonstrated a political certainty, it is this: a strong desire for a change in leadership exists within the Democratic Party. After New Hampshire, on March 12, Lyndon Johnson jested at McCarthy's vote. The President has a lively sense of humor, but this time it let him down. When the President of the United States with all the prestige of his office behind him can poll only 27,200 votes to the 23,300 cast for an unknown senator from Minnesota, it is something short of hilarious. True, the Johnson votes were write-ins; his campaign managers had ten thumbs each; the President himself played no personal role—but New Hampshire was as symptomatic as one degree of fever or a slowly developing rash.

The symptoms have continued. Mr. Johnson withdrew on March 31. Humphrey announced his own candidacy

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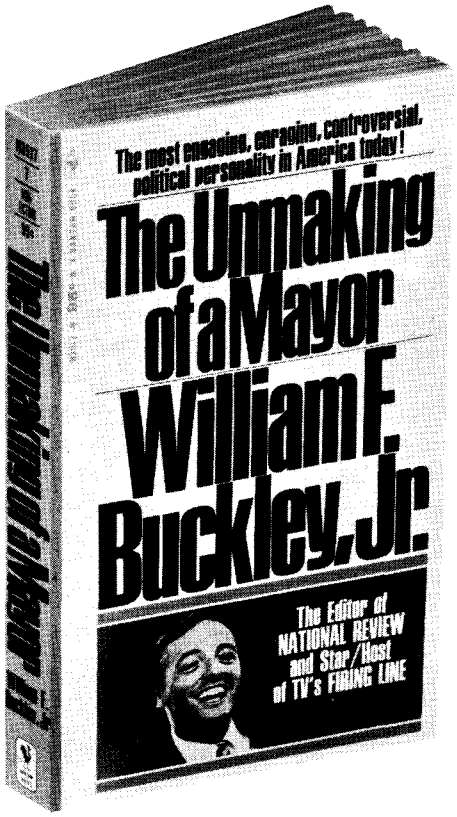
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too late to figure on the ballot in any of the remaining primaries. Yet opportunities have come along for Administration support to manifest itself. Nothing has emerged for Humphrey to write home about. Not in Nebraska. Not in Oregon. Not in California. Wherever the voters have been able to express a personal view, they have opted overwhelmingly for the names of the two Democratic contenders who have been most consistently critical of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration and all its various works.

How far beyond the Chicago stockyards, one is minded to ask, does the support for Hubert Humphrey really go? It will take more than Elmer's Glue-All to hold the Happy Warrior's coalition together once the campaign gets into a higher gear. As an ordinary proposition, political affections are as changeable as a hemline, but the Kennedy-McCarthy movements are highly personal and not so easily transferred.

All this would suggest a pleasant prospect for Richard Nixon, but for one mercurial presence who must never be left out of the reckoning: George Wallace of Alabama is very much back in the race. One ought not to treat the pollsters with excessive deference, but one ought not discount them either. Polls steadily have shown that in the country as a whole Wallace would poll 13 per cent of the vote against Humphrey-Nixon, 14 per cent against Kennedy-Nixon, 16 per cent against Humphrey-Rockefeller, and 17 per cent against Kennedy-Rockefeller.

So long as our Presidential elections are decided in an electoral college, popular vote has a limited meaning. Of more significance are the polls that show Wallace taking 53 per cent of the vote in five Southern states and 30 per cent in eight other Southern and Border states. The five have 41 electoral votes. The other eight have 114. Manifestly, we are dealing now in dangerous totals and paralyzing possibilities. For Wallace almost certainly will be on the ballot in these thirteen states. He may appear on the ballot in some of the other 37 states, where his support averages 7 per cent, but this would not matter so greatly.

It is true—and it is puzzling—that Wallace has done poorly in the primaries of the spring. Four years ago he polled a spectacular vote in Indiana, Wisconsin and Maryland. This year, nothing. The Wallace write-ins came to 0.1 per cent in Oregon, 0.2 per cent in New Hampshire, 0.4 per cent in Wisconsin. Such figures hold small threat. The polls of the Deep South are something else entirely.

One writes, as we say, from the alembic of the deadline hour. This is the way it looks *now*. No man who looks back even to November, when the indefatigable George Romney avowed that he was in the race to stay, will want to make unhedged predictions. The conditions of a pundit license, as William S. White remarked the other day, require that he commence his political speculations with a phrase "Barring unforeseen circumstances." This is beyond comparison the year of the unforeseen, and the attack on Robert Kennedy fits tragically into the madras fabric of a violent and unpredictable time.

Anything Goes

What is going to happen to the man who shot Robert Kennedy? On form, we would expect it to go more or less along these lines. Remanded for psychiatric examination. Statements and confession thrown out as having been given without suitable warnings and offers of attorney in proper phraseology. Big-time, big-publicity attorney named to head defense counsel. Months, probably years of procedural motions in court, applications for change of venue, habeas corpus and writs of mandamus. Disputes over juror suitability and defense objections to judge, "lynch atmosphere," TV and camera films as evidence, and so on. Appointment of jurors, pursuant to Supreme Court decision, who do not believe in capital punishment, and subsequent hung jury because these refuse to vote Guilty knowing that in California it might lead to execution. Verdict finally reached in new trial appealed up and down the judicial system for X years, until defendant dies of old age.

We get more than a little sick at being told, as we are going to be told a million times in the next month, that this country is sick, but there is certainly something very wrong with its sense of public order. In a civilized nation it is not expected that public figures should be considered proper targets for casual gunmen. But in civilized nations of the past it has not been customary for parents to allow their children to do what they feel like; for students to seize their schools and smash their equipment; for police to be ordered to stand by while looters empty stores and arsonists burn down buildings; for poor people, or rich, to pitch camp in the center of government and undertake mass intimidation of the magistrates; for parks and streets to become unsafe for decent citizens; for the courts, dealing with such a state of affairs, to make rulings year after year that protect the law-defier, violent and criminal over the victim; for the priests, ministers and ideologists to justify the breakers of the law and condemn those who seek to uphold it.

No system either of law or public morality can guarantee society against the wild acts of psychopaths and other madmen. But there can be no doubt that a widespread feeling that a breach of the law is permissible when individual conscience approves it and that the criminal's defects or sorrows excuse the crime, along with the failure of the law to provide prompt and condign judgment, provides a medium in which crime and violence inevitably flourish. If Prof. X can openly break the law and Rev. Y can call for civil disobedience and Dr. Z can praise the looters and arsonists, then why not I?

We Americans had better get one point straight. If we are going to begin settling our affairs by violence

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and shooting, before long the professionals at that sort of thing are going to take charge. We may discover some day that the military junta as a political form is not confined to South America.

At the End of His Tether

De Gaulle believes, at any rate, in himself, which is a lot more than most other political figures of our time, who believe in nothing. And in his own fashion he believes, too, in France, which he tends to confuse with himself. This time it was quite possibly France's fate and not his own that dictated his decision to stay on a while as President; even the thick screen of his gigantic ego could not have hidden from him the fact that he is on his way out, that he survives politically only as the caretaker who tries to maintain the building until the new tenant moves in.

Politically, de Gaulle is and has always been a Bonapartist. He has considered himself above the diverse social classes and outside the mechanism of the parliamentary parties which he despises. His position is based materially on his relation to the army and spiritually on his relation to "the people." He has never operated in crises by constitutional, parliamentary methods. In 1945 he took power as the victorious commander, and withdrew when the parliamentary process revived. In May 1958 he regained power through the Generals' Coup, over the carcass of the Fourth Republic.

Confronted ten years later with a revolutionary crisis, de Gaulle and the Gaullist regime proved no longer competent to respond promptly and decisively. De Gaulle himself sulked in the shadows. His Cabinet shuttled feverishly between toughness and appeasement. When, in rhetoric that lacked the customary power and elegance, he finally spoke—courtesy of the strikers, who had expropriated the radio-TV system—he proposed once more the classic Bonapartist solution: a popular referendum that would be in reality a plebiscite—Yes or No to de Gaulle. But this time the unleashed masses and, it has been reported, his own hand-picked Premier, refused to play by the Bonapartist rules. It became quickly clear not only that de Gaulle would fail to win the "massive vote" he had imperially demanded, but that it would probably not even be possible to conduct a referendum. The government that was no longer a government could not even be sure it could get anyone to print the ballots.

The no doubt accurate rumor spread that de Gaulle was considering abdication. He left Paris to check with his generals on the condition of the other base of Bonapartist rule. They assured him of the army's loyalty (though it is less than certain that they are able to assess the state of mind of the ordinary, and particularly the conscript, troops); some tank units were sent back to the environs of Paris and the divisions in Germany were put on alert. De Gaulle returned to the Elysée Palace, denounced the disorders, scrapped the referendum, dissolved the Assembly and set the dates for new Assembly elections.

It looked like a smashing comeback, and was generally so interpreted. The anti-leftists, who had been cowering out of sight, came out by the tens of thousands with the first pro-de Gaulle banners to have been seen since the students started the revolutionary strike. But the appearance concealed the reality. In reality the Bonapartist de Gaulle, under revolutionary attack, had failed to master the situation and had sought refuge in what he had all his life despised and scorned: a parliamentary solution. This means that Gaullism in its final phase is being liquidated. If de Gaulle hangs on much longer, he will become more and more obviously an anachronism.

It is, of course, not certain that the elections will actually be held. De Gaulle could order the workers to get back on the job, but they were in no hurry to obey. The students and workers had had a taste of power—of the sovereign power, of what it means to be master in the house—and the taste for power is an appetite that grows with feasting. They may not be ready to put that gourmet food back onto the plates of the parliamentary politicians. If they refuse in large numbers to restart the economy,

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it will be impossible to hold the elections.

But if the elections do take place, as is likely, and if the masses are willing to abandon or postpone the revolution, that will not save Gaullism. It will be the Assembly and parliamentarism that will have achieved the political solution, not the Bonapartist leader. In the regime as a whole, the relative power of the Assembly would inevitably be greatly increased at the expense of the power of the President. This would happen even if the professedly Gaullist parties won the Assembly majority. In that case Pompidou and his associates would be leaders of a reinvigorated Assembly, not as in the past mere errand-boys of the President.

Gaullism is finished. In so totally unstable a situation as France now finds itself, no one can predict what will succeed it. With plenty of luck, a workable parliamentary regime may be patched together—and even a popular front coalition would be lucky as against most of the alternatives. It remains possible that the revolution, perhaps after the kind of temporary subsiding that is usually in the history of revolutions, will build up into chaos and civil war. It is possible, also, that if chaos did approach close enough, the army would move to establish a regime of its own—that is, a military dictatorship; and that too would mean, almost certainly, civil war.

Chienlit (Or Is It Chic-en Lit?)

Nelson Rockefeller is up to his old tricks again. He is determined to destroy the GOP every four years unless it gives him the Presidential nomination.

Just in the last few days Rockefeller has, by implication, attacked every other Republican candidate, on the grounds (discernible to no one except himself) that only he, Rockefeller, can win in November. Lighting out against Nixon, Rockefeller urged Republican professionals to "make a choice, not just pay off political debts." Rockefeller has approved a clutch of television ads that unleash a pretty scurvy assault on Nixon; and, in re the New Jersey delegation, has accused Nixon of dirty pool. Well. . . .

Oh yes, and then GOP National Chairman Ray Bliss picked Gerald Ford to chair the GOP National Convention, and Rockefeller struck again. Bliss, said Rockefeller, had made "a very great mistake" in selecting the platform committee and had ignored the Republican governors. "As things are now constituted the governors will not have an important voice in writing the platform. The committee does not reflect the thinking of the governors."

Bliss replied coolly, quoting a statement issued by the Republican Governors Conference last week: "The Governors express appreciation to chairman Bliss for his recognition of the role of the Republican Governors."

Rockefeller has attacked Nixon also on grounds of not being able to win the Negro vote, being shopworn, and so on. You can be sure, if Nixon is nominated, that it will be in 1968 as it was in 1964: the Democrats will find their sharpest ammunition was forged in Rockefeller's braintrust.

What's up? A standard political operation. Rockefeller figures, correctly, that he is so unpopular in straight Republican circles that he must avoid all Republican primaries and concentrate not on Republican votes but on the independents and the cozenable Democrats. Hence every attack on a fellow Republican is, in Rockefeller's calculation, a way to win a couple of non-Republican votes while "spending" perhaps not quite one potential Republican vote.

To support this strategy Rockefeller keeps brandishing opinion surveys that show he's the strongest, he can win in November, he's the most, and so on. He enjoys mentioning such polls as the Oliver Quayle poll that gave him fully 17 per cent of the Republican vote in the Oregon primary. If, however, Rockefeller's spoil-the-party strategy is based on nothing more substantial than polls, he seems fairly certainly headed for bad trouble. The Quayle poll, mentioned above, was a turkey. Far from 17 per cent, Rockefeller got a miserable 4.1 per cent in the Oregon primary.

It could be that if Rockefeller has his way, he'll ruin the Republican Party and toss the election to the Democrats anyway. De Gaulle, snapping back at student anarchists, used the barrack-French term *chienlit* to describe, roughly, a dog soiling his bed.The word comes to mind when you watch Rockefeller going about his canine politicking.

What Ronald Reagan is Saying

The past few weeks have found the candidates rushing about in their frantic search for votes with ideas that seem to have wearied not only their audiences but themselves. In keeping with his professed non-candidacy, Ronald Reagan has reversed that priority. In various of his speeches and especially through release of his administration's "Creative Studies," he has been putting forward ideas on the country's great problems, let the votes fall where they may. His speeches on the failure of will in the foreign policy fashioned by the "new isolationists" received enthusiastic receptions from Hawaii to Florida. Governor Reagan juxtaposed ironically the current drift in foreign policy, failures in the McNamara cost-efficiency approach to the nation's defense, and the bogus "missile gap" which the Democrats used to such great advantage in 1960: "One wonders if that billion dollar electronic fence McNamara ordered built along the demilitarized zone to keep out the Communists shouldn't properly be considered part of the federal highway program—there is so much enemy traffic using it as a thoroughfare these days."

On the subject of race, Governor Reagan condemned

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the notion popular in some circles that poverty is something imposed on certain people, who now have a right to compensation by government. The deprived "must be told that some in our land have been denied equal opportunity to learn and earn and thus have entered the race under a handicap. We admit to this injustice and are determined it shall no longer be. All must be equal at the starting line, but there can be no guarantee that the swift will be held back to insure a tie at the finish. The American dream is not that every man will be on a level with every other man, but that every man will have the freedom to be whatever God intended he should be." But in realizing the dream, his Creative Study reaffirms: "Mobs do not generate progress; they retard it. Mobs do not establish rights; they trample them. The spirit of destruction cannot be allowed to prevail." The solution to the problem of poverty is to be found primarily in the private sphere, though "government has a special role to play. . . . The most important thing it can do is to liberate the constructive energies that exist all through our society."

His second position paper, on the problem of law and order, notes the irresolution in many quarters on whether to enforce the law. "Among some of our government officials there is a willingness to accept lawbreaking as a 'right' and a timidity about facing up to the responsibility of enforcing the law swiftly and equally for all citizens. Pervading our society is a climate of permissiveness. There is confusion between the rights a citizen may have under the law and the largesse a concerned and generous society may bestow on its less fortunate members." The paper calls for modernized techniques of law enforcement; additional incentives to encourage more able young men to choose a police career; improved correctional facilities, including training to prepare inmates for a rehabilitated life after release from prison; limited forms of electronic surveillance equipment, under strict control of a judicial warrant; development of "improved techniques for handling mass arrests." Such techniques will be particularly important in the months ahead to provide a nonviolent deterrent to rioting and looting in the cities. a nonviolent deterrent to rioting and looting in the cities. quirement that an issue be "ripe" for adjudication before a court will pass on its constitutionality, we should "provide some means whereby the constitutionality of challenged laws can be determined without requiring that law first to be broken—with the attendant arrests, criminal records and possibility of violence."

It is no doubt worth keeping in mind that whoever the next President is to be, the problems are still going to be around.

Disintegration on the Potomac

The so-called Poor People's Campaign has apparently settled on one aim, that of making the most unedifying possible spectacle of itself. The unsanitary hovels and mud of Resurrection City, the demagoguing tactics of Ralph David Abernathy and Hosea Williams, the internal wrangles, the incessant marchings up and down, the abuse hurled at government officials—not to mention the rocks hurled through the windows of the Supreme Court building—what all this is in aid of grows murkier day by day. Through the gloom, faint pleas for order may be heard, such as that of Bayard Rustin, but Mr. Rustin's proposals, which consist mostly of stapling a few legislatable handholds to Mr. Abernathy's careening tumbril of demands and calling for another of those mass turnouts to take place in the capital on June 19, don't seem to augur a safe and sane solution to the crisis.

On the contrary: even if the directorate of the Campaign were in a mood to support them, which they manifestly are not, Mr. Rustin's methods seem, in a way dramatized once more by the events in Los Angeles, hopelessly inappropriate to the country's current temper. The mass action crusade is far more precarious today than it was in the early Sixties. Physically, it no longer seems possible to guarantee the safety of persons; politically, it is long past the time when such crusades can, because of the fear of violence, rally much worthwhile support. If Mr. Rustin cannot head the Poor People off at the pass, he should avoid reviving in them the kind of energy which gave impetus to the days of Martin Luther King while they lasted.

The Campus Rundown

Rome—A handful of students return to Rome University to take their final examinations under police protection. The reopening of the campus comes after a two-day pitched battle between radicals, who had occupied the buildings, and moderates, who succeeded in driving them out. *Turin*—Leftist students raise the red flag of revolution and the black flag of anarchism on the steps of the city's main university building. They are demonstrating their solidarity with students in Paris. Moderates try to storm the stairs, but the radicals beat them back with nail-studded clubs. *Paris*—Student revolutionaries prepare for the long haul by holing up in the Ecole des Beaux Arts. They decorate their commune with wall-to-wall posters, one of which reads, "Leave the fear of red to horned animals." *Frankfurt*—The rector of the University of Giessen orders the school closed because, he says, he can no longer control it in the face of student protest demonstrations. Radical students in other West German universities, protesting the emergency laws being voted in the Bundestag, barricade themselves in campus buildings, bringing higher education in the country to a near standstill. *Belgrade*—"We want action—enough with words" is the chant of Yugoslav students, who demand freedom of the press and other liberties recently granted in Czechoslovakia. President Tito bans public meetings and Communist students temporarily regain control of

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the demonstrators, though only after supporting complaints against police brutality. *Madrid*—A thousand students shut themselves inside the city's School of Philosophy and Letters. Spain's Interior Minister announces that if the students don't leave within an hour, police will blow up the barricades, come in with tear gas, and close the university for two years. *Exeunt omnes.*

A reporter asks one of the student leaders in Madrid, a pretty girl in an orange blouse, why her comrades seem less combative than students elsewhere in Europe. She smiles painfully: "It is hard to say—I think it is because the students here are uninformed, they have no experience, they do not know if they belong to each other or to their families. Then, in France, they have been given the best of a culture. They have been taught well, and studied hard. They know what it is they are rejecting.

"Here we are simply given texts to memorize. How can we revolt against our culture when we don't even know it properly?"

Guest Editorial

The Liberated University

One need not be (as I am) a former Columbia professor to realize that the recent events constitute an educational catastrophe.

The crisis arose at Columbia, as it had earlier at Berkeley, out of a fundamental contradiction in American attitudes today. Columbia is a civilized academic community. Its authority is intellectual and moral, not physical: a modern university possesses scarce enough physical force to restrain its emeritus professors.

The university proceeds by rational discourse, giving explicit respect to logic and evidence and implicit respect to tradition. Of course in no university are new truths instantly acknowledged nor are all errors abandoned at the moment of revelation—which is to say that professors and deans and possibly even students are human.

The contradiction is created by the semi-respectability recently accorded to violence when exercised by people moved by a moral cause. If seizure of buildings and prohibition of teaching is permissible in the name of peace or racial justice, the university lacks both defenses and a modus of accommodation.

To fight back (through the police) is to alienate the supporters of the moral cause. To argue rationally with the group (which normally includes some faculty) which employs violence presents an incommensurable confrontation: how much rational argument and admission of past error should be paid for the liberation of one classroom building? Who sets the terms?

Our universities—their trustees, faculty and students—must make a decision: is a controversy over gymnasiums or student power or affiliation with military agencies to be conducted by physical battle or by rational discussion?

If the answer is that a little violence by one party is excusable if it was provoked by intellectual lethargy or moral insensitivity by the other party, the show is over. Universities must then hire professors and deans skilled in demagogy and self-defense to cope with their students and neighbors. The often expressed view that Columbia's student warriors find some extenuation in the past deficiencies of policies and administration constitutes exactly such a decision: only perfect people are entitled to freedom from coercion and violence.

On the most emphatic contrary: the university's most basic commitment is to truth, and no exercise of force can extract an ounce of truth from a university. Even if justice to citizens still carrying a heavy burden of an evil past were hastened a week by the destruction of a great university, a powerful case could be made for the preservation of that university. But the choice is not that excruciating: the reservation of a few acres of Manhattan for calm and slow and even pedantical exploration of great and small issues by use of the mind rather than the fist is a luxury which our capital city can afford and a necessity with which it cannot dispense.

GEORGE J. STIGLER
Chicago, May 5, 1968

Up to State

Our informant in Portugal writes again on the Tshombe situation. This time he discusses tactics that might end in getting Tshombe released. It's kind of a domino theory. First the United States, which is a good friend and financial supporter of the Mobutu regime in the Congo, might use its influence to get Mobutu to drop his demand for extradition. Everyone agrees that no one wants to see Tshombe executed in Kinshasa, except possibly Mobutu. When that is done, the Spanish government might help take the pressure off Colonel Boumedienne by making a legal—rather than humanitarian—case for Tshombe's release.

A démarche of some sort—confidential, but leaked to the proper quarters—could be made on the grounds that Tshombe's kidnaping was a clear violation of Spain's territorial rights — an international crime to which Boumedienne was not a party. This would permit Boumedienne to overturn his own Supreme Court's ruling authorizing Tshombe's extradition to the Congo and also get him off the hook with other Arab nationalists who have always been anti-Tshombe, and with the Soviet Union, which supplies Boumedienne with much of his military hardware. Face having been saved all around, Moise Tshombe might also be saved. It will take a nudge here, a push there, that kind of quiet diplomatic pressure that so often unravels knotty international embarrassments of this sort. It should start with the State Department but the chances are it won't unless some pressure is brought to bear. Tshombe, pro-Western though he is, has never been a favorite of Foggy

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Bottom since his play for an independent Katanga.

Maneuvers in Czechoslovakia

Several thousand troops from Russia, Poland and Hungary, as well as from Czechoslovakia itself, will take part in war games to be staged imminently in Czechoslovakia. Soviet staffs, using special signal equipment, will apparently be in over-all control of the troop maneuvers. The movements in the field reflect political undercurrents dating back at least to the ouster, last January, of former President Antonin Novotny, an oldtime Stalinist. In the meanwhile a liberalizing faction has cropped up under the leadership of Alexander Dubcek, First Secretary of the Communist Party. Soviet tanks started crossing the Czech border the very day a Czech Central Committee convened to complete the downgrading of Novotny and his associates.

One Czech official is quoted: "To ask us to accept that there is no relationship between the fight in the Central Committee and this sudden Soviet yearning for immediate exercises with Warsaw Pact staffs and Signal Corps specialists—thousands of them—is to demand that we stretch our imagination beyond reason."

Uh huh. It would also be to ask us to believe that the Soviet Union is willing to let a hundred flowers bloom in Eastern Europe. Moscow's policy towards the European captive nations must ever struggle under the tension of 1) local nationalism against 2) Soviet imperialism. In the strange dialectic of our times, "progressive" forces in the satellites stand for a return to traditional European nationalism, while "conservative" Communist forces represent the monolithic imperialism of Stalinist days. Moscow will prevail over the short term. But, looking a few years down the road, it seems that an alteration of U.S. policy might shift the balance of forces in favor of the European separatists and against the old-line Muscovite empire-conservers. Namely, building the eastern "bridges" *only* to the satellite countries, while keeping traffic with the imperial Soviet at a restrictive minimum.

The Year That Was

"Who will be the NR Prophet of the Year?" we asked in the January 30 issue, appending a list of 25 questions (and a bonus) to test the soothsaying faculties of our readers. Thousands tried their hand, and, though 1968 has coughed up very little so far in the way of final answers, here's an up-to-date report on where things are headed. The month of May provided one certainty. The winner of the Kentucky Derby, whether you followed the race on the track or the one in the laboratory, did *not* pay more than $10 for a $2 ticket (question 23). Forward Pass, the official first-place horse, didn't pay a dime on a winning ticket, and Dancer's Image? He paid $9.60. You're looking strong on question one if you said Lyndon Johnson would not be re-elected President. Question two, "The Dow Jones industrial average is above 1,000," seemed like a gimme false a month or so ago, but now it's not such a sure thing. Such, of course, is the challenge of the stock market. Three: H. Rap Brown is in jail right now, but will he be December 31? That's the toughie.

Look for answers soon to questions four ("Charles de Gaulle is no longer President of France") and sixteen ("The Anglo-French *Concorde* jet project is canceled"). On that last one, latest word had it that striking factory workers had claimed squatters rights in the cockpit of the only model now in the hangar. If the French government keeps this project alive, it may have to rename the bird *Discorde,* which will give you your false anyway. Two probable no's elsewhere on the list are number ten ("The nuclear nonproliferation treaty was approved by the U.S. Senate") and number fifteen ("A British General Election was held in 1968"). The Mauritanian Senate may not get around to the nuclear treaty this year, much less the men in Washington. And Harold Wilson is so tenaciously unpopular that he'll stall on a General Election until the Exchequer is down to its last farthing, whoops, ha'penny. They're already out of farthings.

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JAMES BURNHAM

AS THE NEW LEFT SEES IT

THE THIRD WORLD WAR

A poster on the main door of the Sorbonne soviet read: "The revolution which is beginning will call in question not only capitalist society but industrial society. The consumers' society must perish of a violent death. The society of alienation must disappear from history. We are inventing a new and original world. Imagination is seizing power." The tone is manifestly the same as that of the final chorus of Shelley's *Hellas,* from which I quoted at the end of my comments, a fortnight ago, on the Campus New Left: "The world's great age begins anew, The golden years return. . . ." Let us examine further how the New Left's romantic fervor crystallizes into doctrine and program.

Democracy. The New Left's views on democracy are not very different from Lenin's, though tainted with "adventurism" and "left-wing Communism: an infantile disorder."

The democracy of bureaucratic-industrial society both East and West is a hypocritical sham. This society is totalitarian in its essence—is "insane" according to Herbert Marcuse, septuagenarian guru of the New Left youth. It must therefore be totally destroyed—"must disappear from history," as the Sorbonne poster puts it. The New Left includes the Soviet bloc states under its anathema, China manages to get by, but only Cuba is given definite plus.

Majority and Elite. The majority within this totalitarian society is "standardized and manipulated and even constituted by standardized and administered information, communication and education. In other words, this majority is not free. . . . We cannot say any more that the majority is right."

A conclusion follows that bears directly on the New Left's conduct. The self-defined revolutionaries do not require sanction from "the masses." New Left student activists, for example, do not pretend to themselves—though they may to the administrators, press and networks—that their initiatives have the support of a majority of the student body. The actual proportion of support is irrelevant, except for its tactical significance. As a matter of fact, the substance of New Left proposals is irrelevant in any case, except tactically, to get things moving. The university is a key element of the totalitarian society. The strategic objective is to sabotage its operations and thereby prevent it from fullfilling its function. The particular issues put forward are only devices for getting things moving.

This elitist doctrine is recognizably similar to Lenin's notion of the Party as "the conscious vanguard of the working class," though without the class angle. It is even closer to Hitler's conception of the relation between activist minority and passive majority.

Tolerance. The liberal form of bureaucratic-industrial society—"consumers' society"—makes a big play about toleration of dissent, and writes the freedoms of speech, press and assembly into its constitutions. This is part of the sham. The loudly advertised "tolerance" is itself a subtle technique hiding the existing tyranny and lulling potential rebels into conformity. (*Repressive Tolerance* is the title of one of Marcuse's most influential essays.) The masses—except for the blacks—are so drugged that they do not realize they are slaves. They cannot be aroused by traditional forms of protest, which the system in any case absorbs and sterilizes. The system pays the revolutionary a thousand dollars to broadcast his message, puts it on the Best Sellers' list and turns it into a smash hit off, then on Broadway.

The New Left concludes that "true" or "liberating" tolerance does not mean equal rights to all sides. True tolerance should be "discriminating" and excludes "movements which are obviously and objectively aggressive and destructive": which naturally means, as Marcuse has elsewhere put it more plainly, "intolerance against the movements from the right, and tolerance of movements from the left."

This tolerance doctrine explains a standard New Left operation that upsets liberals. By shouting, shoving, sitting and creating general disorder, the New Lefists deny "a forum" to Robert McNamara, Hubert Humphrey, George Wallace, Dow Chemical representatives, CIA officials, university deans etc. etc. Such persons are "obviously and objectively aggressive and destructive," so of course should not be tolerated.

Violence. The New Left is more open as well as more positive than the Old in its approval of violence. Régis Debray suggests killing a couple of cops to show that the system isn't absolute. Frantz Fanon, writing in the perspective of the Negro struggle, declares violence to be the only way in which the victims of the system can regain self-respect and dignity. It is this romantic cult of violence that turned New Left writers to the "theater of cruelty" and the vogue for the romantic revolutionary, the Marquis de Sade.

But violence has also a more pragmatic role in New Left operations. Through violence the revolutionaries break out of the embrace of repressive tolerance into freedom. Through a violent confrontation—the coming of the cops, or the soldiers—the drugged masses are awakened and made to realize the totalitarian nature of the system that deceives, manipulates and enslaves them. The primary business of the New Left is therefore not to win reforms and concessions nor to build a disciplined party, but to provoke the system to violent confrontations.

Incidentally, Marcuse was in OSS and the State Department from 1941-50, is now a professor at the University of California. That must prove *something.* □

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REPORT FROM COURTROOM NO. 3

The U.S.A. is trying its case against Coffin, Spock et al.—and, in historic Boston, history is in the making

THE BOSTON HAPPENING

ARLENE CROCE

ON THE TWELFTH FLOOR of the Federal District Courthouse Building in Post Office Square the case of *United States of America versus Coffin et al.* has been under way since May 20. The static white lighting on the yellow concrete walls makes Courtroom No. 3 hard on the eyes. The general disdain of microphones makes it hard on the ears, too. When the government showed its TV films of the defendants in action, reel upon reel, day after day, only about half the spectators were in a position to see them. Yet every morning the lines form early outside the courtroom. When the government suddenly rested its case and the defense took over on May 29, the spectator ranks swelled to double length—some 200 people, of whom only about eighty could be seated, hoping to see Coffin or Spock on the stand. And they were there for other reasons as well. A lot of them seemed to feel that they were on trial, too. Perhaps with cause.

The government had cast its net wide. "Conspiracy" was its charge against William Sloane Coffin Jr., Michael Ferber, Mitchell Goodman, Marcus Raskin and Benjamin Spock, and "conspiracy," as Judge Francis J. W. Ford reminded the jury on the first day, can mean simply "a breathing together." These five, then, breathing together, did, according to the indictment charged, "unlawfully, willfully and knowingly combine, conspire, confederate, and agree together and with each other, and with diverse other persons, some known and others unknown, to commit offenses against the United States . . ."—specifically against Section 12 of the Selective Service Act which declares it a crime to "knowingly counsel, aid or abet another to refuse or evade registration or service in the armed forces," or to "knowingly hinder or interfere" with the draft. Penalty: up to five years in prison and a $10,000 fine. Everyone could see that these men were not guilty of conspiring in a furtive sense. What they did was done openly—it was indeed, as Dr. Spock's counsel Leonard B. Boudin had remarked, more by way of denigration than clarification, "the first mass media conspiracy in the country's history." And, as if to emphasize the conspiracy's public and unrestricted character, the government seemed to have gone out of its way to prosecute five men who were utterly unrelated as to age group, occupation, place of residence, degree of notoriety or base of activity, a cross-section, in short, of the East Coast antiwar movement. There were two Jewish radicals and three WASPs, comprising one intellectual from New York and one from a Washington think-tank, a clergyman from Yale, an elder statesman who was also popular with women (which consideration was to launch Boudin on an opening-day attack upon the all-male jury), and a fresh-as-wet-paint college boy, Ferber, founder and hero of New England Resistance.*

CLEARLY, there was somebody at the defendants' bar in Courtroom No. 3 to quicken every pulse along *simpatico* row, but why had the government's hand fallen on Mark Raskin and not on Arthur Waskow, on Mitchell Goodman and not on Paul Goodman, on the Rev. William Sloane Coffin and not on the Rev. Robert McAfee Brown, on Benjamin Spock and not on Dwight Macdonald, on Michael Ferber and not on Alex Jack or Gary Rader or Dickie Harris or John Sanna—just to cite, more or less at random, "diverse other persons" who have signed some of the same appeals, engaged in some of the same acts or in similar acts, and apparently presented the same political and moral challenge to the government, as the Boston Five? Because the Boston Five were more flagrant than any of the others? This has not been made altogether apparent, not in all five cases. Were the Federal Grand Jury's purposes whimsical or inscrutable? Was it seeking to make an example of these men or did it contemplate further indictments? Finally, did it matter? Repeatedly in the course of the trial, and often upon emerging from protracted huddles at the bench with counsel, Judge Ford would intone the following instruction to the jury:

> I want to reiterate, if it needs reiteration, that all statements made by a person you find was a member of the conspiracy charged in the indictment are chargeable and admissible as to all others you likewise find to be members of the conspiracy, whether or not the person making the statement is named in the indictment, provided you find the statement was made during the existence of the conspiracy and in furtherance or advancement of it.

And one day when U. S. Assistant Attorney John Wall mentioned the name of Noam Chomsky, adding, "He is not here today to my knowledge," to be advised by Boudin that "Mr. Chomsky is in the courtroom, I want to correct Mr. Wall," Wall retorted with, "At least he is not sitting at the bar as a defendant *today*."

If you don't think *that* sent a chill through Simpatico Row, you weren't in Boston last week.

Why Boston? If the government's net

*The young men's antidraft organization with chapters around the country, not to be confused—or perhaps decidedly to be confused—with Resist, the adult group organized in support of The Resistance by, *inter alia*, Mitchell Goodman.

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was wide, the mesh was exceedingly fine. The alleged conspiracy, it charged, had begun in August 1967 (at about the time of the promulgation of "A Call to Resist Illegitimate Authority"—Resist in support of The Resistance), and had taken place in New York, Washington and Massachusetts. Among the dozen "overt acts" listed in furtherance of said conspiracy was a draft card-burning ceremony on October 16 at Arlington Street Church in Boston, during which sermons were delivered by the defendants Ferber and Coffin. There was also the confrontation four days later in Washington, D.C., which consisted, among other events, of the depositing, in the Andretta Room of the Department of Justice, of the Arlington Street Church draft cards—charred fragments, ashes and all—scooped together with other draft cards and with facsimiles of draft cards, many hundreds of them (992 on an unofficial estimate) gathered by The Resistance across the country. After which confrontation Coffin appeared at the microphones to declare the government "derelict in its duty" for declining to accept evidence of what he called "a clear violation of the law."

Spock: Delighted

And in New York there were other overt acts—press conferences, speeches, a sit-in at the induction center on Whitehall Street, and a further challenge to the government, as issued by Spock: "The government is not likely to prosecute us. Its bankruptcy in the moral sense is proved by its refusal to move against those of us who have placed ourselves between the young people and the draft." And on another occasion Spock told FBI men: "If the government were to prosecute me, I'd be delighted."

Boston may prove the undoing of Spock's delight. Though not necessarily: one must assume him, like the other defendants, a serious man, serious in his violation, seriously willing to take the consequences. Defense counsel, of course, argue the right of dissent for all it was never worth. The plea is Not Guilty. And as between Coffin's statement on October 20—"We hereby publicly counsel these young men to continue in their refusal to serve in the armed forces as long as the war in Vietnam continues, and we pledge ourselves to aid and abet them in all the ways we can"—and his testimony of May 31—"*I never counseled anyone to evade the draft*"—the jury must make a choice—a choice that is, between the flagrancy of the act and the literacy of the law, under whose terms Coffin can now insist that he intended merely to encourage *these young men*—meaning those with him on October 20 and not any other young men—*to continue*, that is, to follow the negative determination of their own consciences as regards the draft without having sought the prior counsel of William Sloane Coffin. At what point does a man blaring forth on national television his admiration for persons outside the law cease simply to make common cause with them and enter a conspiracy to promote like violations, and why should such a man care whether the distinction, if there is one, exists? Why should another man who would be "delighted" to be prosecuted as a lawbreaker now entreat the government to believe that he was concerned to deal in symbolic expression, when it is clear that no other recourse was open to him? One must ask how, other than symbolically, a peaceful man of sixty-five can express his consummate disgust with the draft and the war. Someone may, in time, manage the detonation of one draft board after another all over the country, but not Dr. Spock. Nor is Dr. Spock uninformed on the gravity of symbols. Indeed he is on record with the FBI:

> . . . Of course, my merely sitting on the steps of the induction center at 39 Whitehall Street, New York City, could really be only symbolic because, of course, this act could not frustrate the administration of the act. But if the action led to young men's refusing to be drafted, that would have suited my purposes.

So we must suppose the defendants, serious men, to be happy today in Boston. Their dream of the final confrontation has come true. And in the most poetic of venues. Boston is neither Washington (the government town) nor New York (Notown, or everybody's business address). It is the Boston of the American history books and cedes the same advantages to government and defense alike. For if Boston calls up Thoreau, Sacco and Vanzetti and, inescapably, Robert Lowell, it also calls up Oliver Wendell Holmes, whose "clear and present danger" dictum on the limitation of free speech may yet rise again. (Behind the judge's bench in Courtroom No. 3 a map of the United States is emblazoned with the legend, "Justice is the Guarantee of Liberty," and the names of Massachusetts' famous federal judges—Story, Curtis, Gray, Holmes, Moody, Brandeis, Frankfurter.) At this geographical juncture of patriotism, civil liberties and federal jurisprudence, Boston would call both parties, government and defense, to what was best in their respective positions. The government would make it a little hard on itself, here in the land of Robert Lowell, in the perfervid center of New England Resistance, but no less hard on the defense. So that if Coffin et al. were found to have offended, it could say to them, Sirs, it is Boston you have offended.

Coincidences

So much could be credited to atmosphere, but more could be credited to coincidence, the minor coincidence of signs one suddenly noticed all over the city, reading "THE BOSTON FIVE (Cents Savings Bank)," and the major one of the State of Massachusetts' becoming, in the first week of the trial, the nerve center of the antidraft crusade. In that week the following things happened:

A divinity student at Andover Newton Theological School, James J. Osterreich, won a hearing before the Supreme Court on the question whether his draft board was entitled to punish him, by reclassifying him 1-A, after he had turned in his draft card.

The Arlington Street Church in Boston extended sanctuary to Robert Talmanson, who had refused induction into the armed forces, and to Army Sp4c William Chase, a Vietnam veteran AWOL from Fort Lewis. (The Supreme Court had turned down Talmanson's appeal the week before.)

And when the trial was a week old, the Supreme Court ruled in the O'Brien case that burning or otherwise destroying draft cards was a crime. (Counsel for Coffin et al. had filed a friends-of-the-court brief asking the Court to refrain from ruling on the constitutionality of the requirement that draft cards be kept at all times in the bearers' possession.) The 7-1 decision (Douglas dissenting, Marshall abstaining) overturned a holding of the U.S. Circuit Court in Boston, that draft card-burning is a form of protest legitimate under the First Amendent. To

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this argument Chief Justice Warren wrote: "A law prohibiting destruction of Selective Service certificates no more abridges free speech on its face than a motor vehicle law prohibiting the destruction of drivers' licenses, or a tax law prohibiting the destruction of books and records." Interviewed at Arlington Street Church, Boston University sophomore David P. O'Brien cited the ruling in his own case, the convictions of Fr. Philip Berrigan (for destroying draft board files), and H. Rap Brown, and the trial of Dr. Spock as evidence that the Administration and the courts "are moving toward an authoritarian state." The following afternoon O'Brien appeared among the spectators in Courtroom No. 3.

Further coincidence: government prosecutor in the Spock trial, John Wall, had fought the federal case against O'Brien in the U.S. Circuit Court.

YET perfect though Boston was, in its resonance and sensibility—the only other appropriate place for a trial would have been Philadelphia, but what was happening in Philadelphia?—I had not expected to find the trial and its ramifications so large a part of the life of the city. On the day for example when U.S. Attorney Paul Markham left his post beside Wall in Courtroom No. 3 and in the company of federal marshals went to Arlington Street Church to arrest Talmanson, there was admitted into evidence a speech of Chaplain Coffin's, the speech of October 2, 1967, which ran in part, "Synagogues and churches at their best have always been a sanctuary for conscience. Therefore, if a young man, for instance, should come to me as a clergyman and ask asylum in the church because in conscience he cannot agree to be inducted, it would be up to me at this point to provide him an asylum. . . . Now, if there are going to be arrests, then let these arrests be made in the churches and the synagogues. . ." And so they were. Lines of psychic communication seemed to run between the courthouse and the church. A TV cameraman could show you a straight current by a simple movement of his lens from the roof of the Federal District Courthouse zooming across the Common to where the spire of the church rose at its upper edge, or you could walk the same distance on the ground in twenty minutes. A similar zoom from 810 Fifth Avenue to, say, Madison Square Garden would be irrelevant even if Richard Nixon were shuttling between them; the distance would not be special to Richard Nixon's New York, but the Boston of The Resistance is special.

A New Flowering of New England?

The directors of the Arlington Street Church, Universalist-Unitarian, trace their fondness for religious and civil controversy back 149 years to the ministry of William Ellery Channing. They attract a gentler breed of hippie than the cop-baiting thugs of Berkeley or New York. New England Resisters, what I saw of them, are conscientious student-government types. They believe in the church as a meeting-house and place of sanctuary. They are full of the primacy of the individual conscience and burn a thin flame to nonviolence. They believe in "structuring a confrontation" with the police so that not even the police will get hurt (although the confrontation of May 21 was far from nonviolent). They feel quietly superior to the brass-knuckle Berkeley Resistance, a point scored in the testimony of Ferber's roommate, Paul Chalmer, who told the jury that Ferber had a low opinion of Berkeley, "where there did seem to be people pressuring other people to turn in their cards, but in Boston this seemed to be lacking, and . . . this was a healthy thing." They believe that reviving the concept of sanctuary from the Middle Ages establishes a new beachhead in the antiwar war. They think Boston has something to show Berkeley.

The last thing I would think the country ready for is a new flowering of New England, yet what was the conscience of Berkeley or New York compared to what New England, even in dead leaf, could offer as against the war in Vietnam? There was no mistaking the sense of mobilization, or its churchly aura. All Boston seemed to be marching under the sign of the Resistance—the black on white omega button appears on nearly every lapel, McCarthy buttons appear on nearly every other.

As confrontations go, it was in the mood for something noble. According to historian Norman Mailer, the Spock-Coffin "moderates" shrank from the thought of civil disobedience on the steps of the Pentagon. No doubt their trial is a dull affair after Mailer's book, as dull as sitting in the Andretta Room when one could be facing a line of MPs. Mailer's book, tucked under the arm of every fourth or fifth spectator in Courtroom No. 3, outnumbers the other two favored texts, *Dr. Spock on Vietnam* and *In the Name of America,* Seymour Melman's scrapbook of American atrocities, but the war would not be an issue in this trial, nor would war crimes, nor armies of the night nor the dark nights of the soul. All that sort of thing had been ruled out as irrelevant by the Judge, and so there is nothing for the noble-minded to do but hate the Judge.

David Levine might have produced him out of Tenniel. Francis J. W. Ford is 85 years old, dome-shaped, with a smooth great egg head, a stone face and wide mouth which opens and shuts like the flap of a grab bag. The voice normally has the bell-like tenor clang of Irish Boston but is at its best in

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tones of weary reprimand, when it then squeezes out something like pure cider vinegar. Boudin's voice is a brand of subway chocolate. The corrosive effects of cider vinegar on chocolate are much resented by the crowd, but give Boudin a chance and he will melt all over the jury. The Judge was all form and process pressed into service of the law. The legality of the war was not judicable, he had ruled, and meant it. Boudin, on the other hand, had not defended Judith Coplon, Paul Robeson, Carl Braden, Willard Uphaus and the Abraham Lincoln Brigade for nothing. He looks like an infinitely exhausted maitre de, or a wily landlady in a lace cap. His manner leaves no doubt that he is the very nicest man in the room, next to of course Spock. Every cidery "Exclude it!" "Strike it out!" on that *nice* chocolate brings a collective *Tsk!* from the back pews. Ford can be as bracing as a line of MPs after all.

THE other lawyers are, or came in time to seem, ads for their clients. Coffin's lawyer, James D. St. Clair of Boston, is a comfortably rotund Ivy League type with an Alistair Sim-like cast in tooth and eye. He is the aristocrat among trial counsel, disdaining sweets as bad for the complexion, and drew from Coffin on the stand a testimony of innocence and foursquare New England probity, which could not have been easy: Coffin conveys bumptiousness even in repose. Calvin P. Bartlett, trial counsel for Raskin, looks like a venerable headmaster in the sleepiest of deaneries; beside him sits Raskin's personal counsel, Terrible Telford Taylor, prosecutor of Nuremberg, whose handsome tight face, with its bleached coloring, now looks tighter than ever, as if he were wearing a stocking over his head. What this heavy gun is there for, except to help spray the air full of limiting instructions in behalf of his client, is not entirely clear, for like Macavity the Mystery Cat every time a crime's discovered, Raskin's not there. And far down the list of supporting players, less interesting than the men they represent, are two young Massachusetts ACLU counsel, Edward J. Barshak for Goodman and William P. Homans Jr. for Ferber.

They all sit, surrounded by a raft of partners and assistants, in a broad semicircle just behind the government, which is John Wall and almost John Wall alone.

Wall the prosecutor is as likely a candidate for left demonology as the Judge. Imagine a cross between a fox terrier and a young bloodhound and you have Wall at thirty-six, Korean vet, former paratrooper, erect and crinkly-haired. The image he projects, with his booming parade-ground voice, is that of invincible square. And with the square's literal turn of mind. The sheer material bulk of evidence he presented was undoubtedly overwhelming, but seemingly without weight in a case which has been advertised as dealing with the ideas that are in men's minds. The government's case was a storehouse of exhibits—films, charts, photographs, letters and the envelopes they came in, draft cards and the blue fabricoid zipcase *they* came in, some scorched, the remains lab-tested by the FBI. There were even photographic blow-ups of draft cards that had been reduced to ashes—of which the defense made a merry camp. Wall's mind is the sort that reads every last thing into evidence, right down to the "Printed by voluntary labor" on a Resist circular, and was impervious to betrayal by the duplicit nature of physical evidence—to him "original Xerox copies" meant something real and distinct. Yet: dumb John, he's not so dumb. He yielded few points and scored many, and on the offensive his pressure is ferocious. On young Alex Jack (son of Homer Jack, the SANE executive), who secured Coffin for the card-burning ceremony at the church, Wall used the kind of courtroom commando tactics that brought rage from the galleries. First he unnerved Jack by presenting him with his own (turned-in) draft card (JUDGE: "Witness, you need not answer any question you think may incriminate you"), then hammered him for an admission that Coffin had been secured precisely for his ability to convert the nonburners and nonturners in the congregation into burners and turners. What did you know of Coffin's abilities? he asked Jack.

JACK: I knew he was an articulate speaker.

WALL: An articulate, powerful, commanding speaker who could sway emotions?

JACK: I knew he understood the issues and the viewpoint of young people, that was why he was a chaplain . . .

WALL: Someone they could look up to, take guidance from, be counselled by, and that was why you chose him. Answer yes or no.

JACK: Yes.

WALL: No further questions.

Double tsk. Groan.

Behind their counsel the five defendants sat in a row, their profiles, from where I could see them, serried as in a Norman Rockwell painting. The generations overlapped—it could have been One Man's Family. Grandfather Spock, to be succeeded by Number One Son Coffin and then, in his time, by angel-cheeked Ferber. Then there were the Jewish relatives, Cousin Goodman from New York, in his literary tweeds (the movie role would go to Joseph Wiseman), and Brother-in-law Raskin, with his ineffectual build and ferret face ("But a brilliant mind—brilliant!" they would say back on the farm). And behind *them*—family, seated on specially cushioned pews. An array of female Coffins, dominated by Mrs. Coffin Sr., a beautiful *grandmère*; Denise Levertov, the poet and Mrs. Mitchell Goodman; and of course Jane Spock, with her attractive little sharp-cut face and odd, mod clothes. They all looked sharp, and dry, like Katharine Hepburn or friends of hers; not even Barbara Raskin, with her bubbly warmth, could lubricate this dryness. And behind, around, between and among—the press, good friends all, of whom Miss Jessica Mitford was the friendliest.

After hours, the life of the trial goes on. On the afternoon they took Tally from the church, and there was pandemonium on Newbury Street, and several Resisters were busted, Michael Ferber appeared there in the dim nave, where a meeting was in progress, in order to help restructure the confrontation. Some fifty Resisters had spent the night in the church, lending moral support, and were prepared to sleep-in indefinitely. They were now regrouping around their second hostage, Bill Chase, and were not in a mood for Menshevik constraint. It was Ferber, however, who tipped the mood, fresh from the court room where, he says, he has been watching movies of himself. Had Bukharin, one wonders, any more galvanizing objective view of his own role in history even as he was playing it out? And if he had had it, would he as Ferber did on this occasion have reflected on the course of the revolution and found it good? Good enough to rein in for awhile and let left adventurism die? "We are all over the city," Ferber told the Resistance. It was a day of triumph in Boston. □

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VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

Robert Kennedy, Martin Luther King, and more of the same promised in the streets this summer. Professor Hart zeroes in on one aspect of it. Says we must first restore to our laws their former primacy and then—realistically—tackle the problems of the Negro

THE NEGRO IN THE CITY

JEFFREY HART

IN RECENT MONTHS Americans have been subjected to an escalating series of news stories, articles, books and reports dealing with Negro-white relations. We are given to understand that our cities are shortly to be burned down. We are told that a "second Civil War" is imminent or has already started. One day we hear that an extremist orator in New York has urged Negroes to arm themselves in preparation for a "hunting season" in which whites will be the quarry; the next day a fanatic in Detroit announces plans to establish a black enclave consisting of two or three Southern states, an enclave which would be backed by atomically-armed Chinese submarines. We read that American Negro athletes may boycott the Olympics over the inclusion of South Africa—though they have, so far, experienced no principled qualms over competing against Russians, North Koreans or teams representing the East European tyrannies. And recently the President's Commission on Civil Disorders has blamed the entire problem on white "racism"—thus retrospectively excusing the destruction that has already occurred, and giving a kind of moral blank check to the potential rioters of the future. The Commission in effect has blamed everyone for the riots but those who rioted.

The ordinary citizen may well feel that he is living in the midst of widespread madness on the racial question, may well feel that where race is concerned the normal rules of observation and of reason are suddenly suspended. Nor does the madness seem confined to America. Thus England has been condemned as "racist" by World Opinion for limiting the immigration of Asians from Kenya; but not a word has been breathed about the Kenyan racism which makes conditions there so intolerable for them that they want to leave for England. Thus, again, World Opinion sees nothing grotesque in tirades delivered against South Africa by, of all countries, the Soviet Union—which has been persecuting Christians ruthlessly for fifty years.

Clearing Away the Myths

It seems to me that nothing is more important with regard to racial problems than to remove the whole discussion from the atmosphere of fantasy and illogic. If we are to get anywhere at all we must de-escalate the rhetoric, take a toughly realistic look at the problems we face and propose reasonable solutions where solutions in fact are possible. We must clear away a number of myths, sacred to some but myths nevertheless, and so finally damaging to all.

First of all, however, it must be made perfectly clear to all that the civil order will be maintained. "There is no grievance," said Abraham Lincoln, "that is a fit object of redress by mob law." Any citizen has a fundamental right to have his store or his home protected. Providing such protection is one of the basic tasks of government and indeed a main reason for its existence. A government unwilling to do what is necessary to enforce the law and to maintain order deserves to be replaced. Unfortunately it is true that these tasks have been made more difficult in recent years by an erosion of concern for law and for public order—an erosion often assisted by persons who should know better. A few years ago, for example, Adlai Stevenson remarked to a college audience that breaking the law in a good cause was all very well, and that the leadership of the country would soon very likely pass to those who had done some time in jail. Others, from Martin Luther King to Dr. Spock—whether in good cause or bad is not really relevant—have been remarkably casual with respect to perfectly valid laws, simply breaking them rather than working to have them changed by the ordinary democratic methods. At the very highest level, some decisions of the Supreme Court have smacked more of judicial will than legal reason. We have, moreover, grown all too accustomed to so-called demonstrations, on the campus and elsewhere, which casually violate the rights of others. A demonstrator blocking a passage or helping to tie up a thoroughfare is actually employing a form of violence, and too often the rights of his victim have been forgotten or ignored. Such essentially frivolous attitudes toward the very bases of public order have done much to create an atmosphere in which violence and anarchy become more likely. It seems clear today that we must make a deliberate and sustained effort to return to our laws their former primacy, and the first step will be to enforce them strictly.

II

The report of the President's Commission stresses white racism as the root cause of the Negroes' problems. This is a spectacular charge. Naturally it has attracted widespread notice, and the authors of the report have been praised for their courage in making it.

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The key question, however, has not been pressed: Is the charge true? My own view is that it is false, and further, that among the nations of the world America is in fact one to which the charge of racism is least appropriately applied. The charge of racism is in fact very much at odds with the best analyses of the problem that have appeared recently. The American reality is more complex than such blanket diagnoses suggest.

Cultural Lag

First of all, it has been shown that at the higher educational levels, disadvantages due to discrimination have rapidly disappeared, more rapidly, indeed, than often was the case for previous immigrant minorities. (And the large migration of Negroes to Northern cities during the post World War II period justifies the description of them as a new minority there.) Today the demand for Negro college graduates is greater than the supply; more places in colleges, law schools, and medical schools are available than qualified Negro applicants to fill them; more places are available in corporations, banks, and so forth than trained applicants for them. One social scientist summarizes the situation this way: "A shortage of skills and educational qualities may now be a much greater block to Negro advancement than a shortage of available jobs." At the level in question, at any rate, the problem does not look like one of racism but rather like the lag to be expected when a group with a predominantly agricultural background attempts to adjust to urban conditions and new goals. Are we to suppose that the modern technology which produced an agricultural revolution and so pushed ten million Negroes into Northern cities was "racism"? We need to remind ourselves that previous groups took at least three generations to make the advance from manual labor to proportional representation in the white collar jobs and in the professions. The sharp rise in the last fifteen years in the number of Negroes holding clerical jobs suggests that a similar rise will take place in the next generation in the professional category. Furthermore, there is abundant evidence that resistance to Negroes on the less advanced levels is really a class objection rather than a race objection—the reaction to a felt difference in behavior and in value structure. At every level, however, whether high or low, education proves to be the key. Job equality depends upon qualifications, and they, in turn, depend upon education. Yet the improvement of Negro education faces a number of obstacles, some of which are formidable.

Part of the difficulty surrounding discussion of the Negroes flows from a failure to recognize certain plain truths about the nature of American society. Indeed, the whole stress on integration as a primary goal is based on the myth that America is a completely homogeneous country, whereas to a significant extent America is a nation of distinctive groups. According to the myth, successive immigrant groups gradually melted into the population and became indistinguishable from the rest. The reality is more complex, and in fact more interesting. In their well-known study *Beyond the Melting Pot* the sociologists Nathan Glazer and Daniel Moynihan point out that though an immigrant group is *changed* by its American experience it does not on that account cease to be recognizable: the groups are given structure and solidarity through interest, family, and fellow-feeling; they produce distinctive institutions and associations; they vote differently; many have their own neighborhoods; they have different attitudes toward education, sex, religion; they are "in many essential ways as different from one another as their grandfathers had been." The weakness of the program aimed at total Negro integration is that it attempts to impose on the whole area of Negro-white relations a novel and abstract pattern which has not been followed by the other historic American groups. It is for this reason that laws designed to achieve integration have been so largely ineffective; at the same time, the insistence upon integration as the primary goal, as in the report of the President's Commission, creates expectations which are continually frustrated, and the frustration leads to bitterness. "Time alone," writes Nathan Glazer, "does not dissolve the groups if they are not close to the Anglo-Saxon center. Color marks off a group regardless of time; and perhaps most significantly, the 'majority' group, to which assimilation should occur, has taken on the character of an ethnic group." No one really believes that Negroes will cease to be a distinctive group, and integration therefore should be redefined to mean *"integration into the pattern of American group experience,"* that larger pattern which involves work-save-study-earn-rise. The obstacles which exist to integration into this pattern must be dealt with, and some of them are peculiarly formidable. But integration in other terms does not seem to be a practical possibility.

The preoccupation with integration, indeed, has probably distracted us from paying close enough attention to the real problems. The entire discussion of integration has a peculiar, not to say ideological, character. For example, if, as alleged, it is bad for Negro children to attend predominantly Negro schools, why then is it not bad for white children as well to attend such schools? The so-called flight to the suburbs by white parents need not be evidence of racism, as often charged. Responsible parents want their children to attend schools in which learning is not made more difficult than necessary. Nor is there any evidence that benefits have in fact resulted from attempts to achieve "racial balance" in the classroom. If legislation is based upon illusions, it will create rather than solve problems. For example the bussing of children to achieve racial balance in classrooms may only serve to erode ties to neighborhood and local community, ties which in any case are undesirably tenuous in modern society.

III

The real problems of the Negroes have less to do with Negro-white relations than with the relationship of Negroes to one another, and it is to these real problems that the Negroes, together with other Americans, can most valuably direct attention.

A number of important differences exist between Negroes and other American ethnic groups. Social scientists have pointed out that Negroes have not developed a comparable degree of group solidarity, and that this failure is an important factor in retarding advancement. Comparing Negroes with Puerto Ricans in New York, Nathan Glazer makes this pertinent observation: "It is interesting to note some contrasts between Negro and Puerto Rican employment patterns. Negroes and Puerto Ricans both work in sizable numbers in hotels. Puerto Ricans entered after Negroes, and it is not likely that they face less discrimination. Yet many more Puerto Ricans than Negroes are em-

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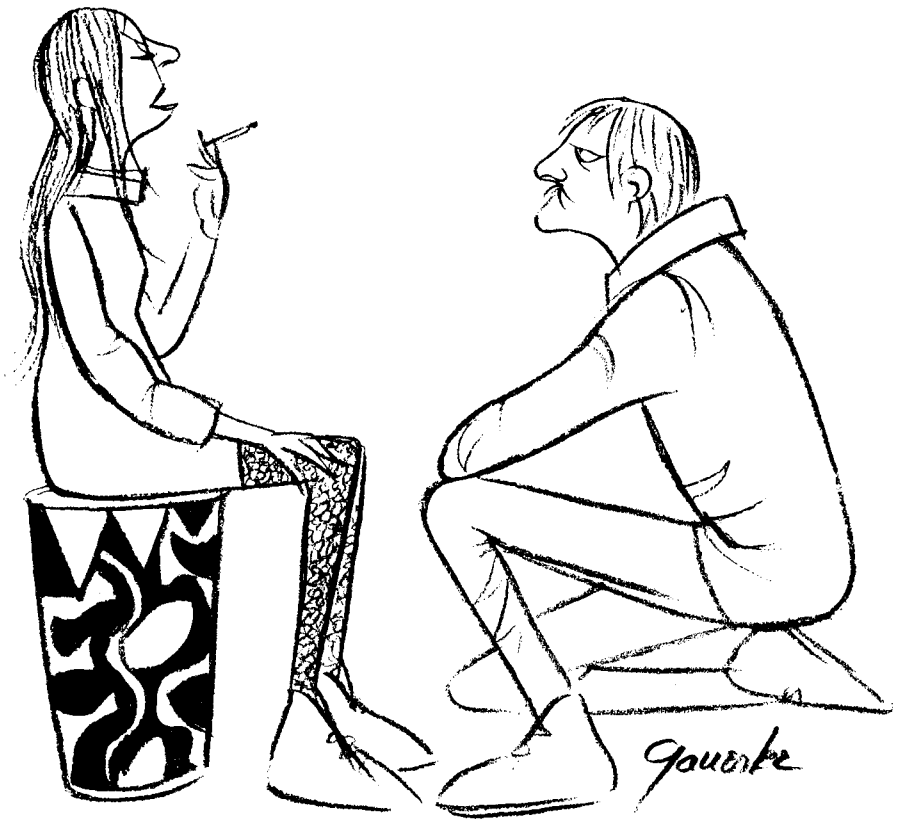
ployed in the hotel industry. The same thing holds in branches of the garment industry. Perhaps the difference can be ascribed in part to the relative weakness of clan and extended family feeling among the Negroes. One Puerto Rican may be quicker to bring in another, and there seems to be more of a tendency for family and related groups to work together." With the single and important exception of the Negro churches, Negroes have failed to develop those associations and institutions which have played such a vital role in the advancement of other groups. Other groups have patronized their own shops and businesses, family and extended family have provided "little pools for ethnic businessmen to tap"; but Negroes have been much more atomistic, less aware of the need to advance as a group, less aware that the fortunes of one are connected with the fortunes of all. One serious consequence has been the failure of Negro business to develop satisfactorily, and business, historically, has proved the effective road to advancement for the various ethnic groups. The development of businesses, indeed, is more than an economic matter. The local businessman develops know-how which can be transmitted to other members of the group; he has access to credit and experience in managing it; he may be influential in local politics; and he is part of a network of jobs related to his enterprise. The Chinese restaurant buys its food supplies from a Chinese distributor, uses a Chinese laundry, hires Chinese help. The Italian who owns a grocery store gives a break to a friend or a relative who is working his way up as a salesman. As Glazer points out, the astonishing and telling fact is that Chinese income from Chinese owned businesses is, in proportion to their numbers, 45 times as great as the income of Negroes from Negro-owned businesses.

Growing Up Alienated

Another serious obstacle to Negro advancement has been the chronic instability of the Negro family. At the present time about a quarter of urban Negro families are headed by women; the rate of Negro illegitimacy is fourteen or fifteen times that of whites; as a result, more Negro children than white live apart from parents, or in overcrowded homes, or among strangers, lodgers, etc. We do not know with assurance the effects of these circumstances on the children, but we cannot doubt that they adversely affect the performance of the Negro child in school, and, therefore, later on in the society at large. As Glazer observes of the Negro boy growing up under such conditions, it is "understandable that his knowledge of the adult world should be weak and uncertain, that his aspirations should be unrealistic, and that his own self-image should be unsure and impaired."

The atomistic character of the Negro group, its failure to develop satisfactorily its own economic institutions, and the instability of the Negro family, are the most important obstacles to Negro advancement at the present time, and because of them low status tends to become self-perpetuating. "Poverty, high fertility, high rates of illegitimacy, widespread family disorganization, and similar conditions that hold lower class Negroes down could continue for decades after the influences originally responsible for them were virtually eliminated." So write Leonard Broom and Norval Glenn in a sociological work on the American Negro. The result has been, as we have seen, that unlike other groups the Negroes are not ready to take advantage of the opportunities that open up.

What, then, can be done by the Negroes and by those who wish them well? The expenditure of money undirected by intelligence is pointless. And anyone can propose spending money. If the recommendation of two billion a month is hailed as sagacity, one might easily earn a reputation for genius by recommending six billion. The prospects at the present time, however, are best understood in the light of actuality, and of history. Those who have studied the problem most closely tell us that, historically, the Negroes have gone through three broad phases since emancipation. After the Civil War there was a period of submission and accommodation. The condition of the Negro actually seems to have reached a low ebb during the Eighties and Nineties of the last century, at least as measured by the evidence of health standards and death rates. The first half of this century witnessed an increasing migration of Negroes to Northern and Western cities, accompanied by increasing restiveness. Beginning in the 1950s, the Negroes passed into the phase of demonstration and protest. This last phase, it is important to know, reflected an advance in over-all condition, an ad-



"Marry *you? I'll have you know I'm not that kind of a girl!*"

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vance in white-collar work, skilled and semi-skilled employment, and purchasing power. The initiative in the demonstrations, beginning in 1954, in fact came from college students and from middle-class Negroes. The demonstrations did not arise out of hopelessness, but from ambitions that had been stimulated by advances already made. Even riots, recent studies show, can be motivated by improving circumstances. "Our studies strongly suggest," reports a Detroit social scientist, "that the rioters were a well-employed group making an average of some $115 to $120 a week, a group which felt that it had substantially improved its status in the community during the past three to five years." Asked to explain why such people would riot, he concluded: "The closer the distance becomes between the lower and the middle class, the more militant and aggressive and assertive the lower class becomes."

Turning Inward

But the protest and demonstration phase of the Negro experience in America has surely reached the point of diminishing returns. Virtually all legal barriers to Negro advancement have been eliminated, and the problems that remain are, as we have seen, particularly recalcitrant. Negro energies, it seems clear, should be turned inward to the problems of the Negro community, rather than directed outward toward confrontations with the rest of society. Negro energies should be invested in improving the Negro condition rather than wasted in self-defeating expressions of resentment. Demonstrations and riots may be emotionally gratifying to some, and it is true that serious day-to-day work provides no comparable outlet for hostility. Yet the solution of hard core problems is not likely to be sudden or spectacular. Here is the conclusion reached by Glazer and Moynihan in *Beyond the Melting Pot*:

> [The] important tasks, necessary ones on the agenda of American Negroes, are shirked and ignored. These are tasks that conceivably no one but Negroes can do. It is probable that no investment of public and private agencies on delinquency and crime prevention programs will equal the return from an investment by Negro-led and Negro-financed agencies. It is probable that no offensive on the public school system to improve the educational results among Negroes will equal what may be gained from an equivalent investment by Negro-led and Negro-financed groups.

"If anything can be done," they conclude, "it is likely that Negro agencies will be far more effective than public agencies and those of white Protestants." It would be an excellent thing if politicians, Negro leaders, and Presidential commissions would learn something from the tone employed by these responsible students of the Negro problem, from their restraint, from their unwillingness to hold out excessive hope for spectacular results, and their continence in proposing remedies. Some problems are complicated and recalcitrant enough to admit of no immediate solution; such problems cannot be solved but only endured, and the person who does not discipline his expectations will be disciplined by actuality.

There are, however, some things the rest of society can do to promote the advance of the Negroes. Improvement, integration into the larger American pattern, depends upon the growth of a Negro middle class, and a consequent increase in family stability. The key here is improved education. Yet improvements here will not come easily. The available evidence indicates that even the Negro first-grader, if he comes from a culturally deficient background, may be too far behind his white classmates ever to catch up. Naturally, no attempt to fabricate a substitute for a satisfactory family environment is likely to be wholly successful. And yet preschool nursery programs, to which children would be admitted as early as practicable, could offer training in standard English and in personal discipline and could foster attitudes conducive to a good performance in the classroom later on. If such pre-school programs enabled the Negro child to derive more benefit from his regular schooling the eventual economies in relief and in welfare costs might offset the initial expenditure. Other measures might well help in the area of education. Negro diligence is hampered in school by a widespread belief that higher education will not be rewarded by openings in white collar jobs and in the professions. If such a belief once was justified, it no longer is, and intensive counseling should be able to correct it. We have seen that the Negro community has largely failed to develop the kind of solidarity and group pride possessed by other ethnic groups. It may be that school and community programs in Negro history, culture and literature, in America and, particularly, in Africa, can strengthen the Negro's self-image and make for greater solidarity with the community to which he belongs. There is no reason why such programs should not be encouraged.

It is particularly important that the Negroes develop a business class. Until now, their failure to do so has been striking, and we have seen that one reason for the failure was a lack of group solidarity. In addition, the competitive weaknesses of Negro businesses has made them a greater credit risk than their white equivalents. They have a higher failure-rate, tend to be smaller and less efficient, and those who run them have not had a tradition of business know-how to draw upon. Yet it is important that Negroes come to own the businesses, especially those operating in Negro neighborhoods. Property, after all, tends to produce responsibility and dignity. Assistance to this end could well take the form of state insurance for loans extended to qualified Negro businessmen, or potential businessmen, for capital investment. The private sector could also do much here. Perhaps civic minded businessmen in the various fields could set up committees for the purpose of advising Negroes who are initiating enterprises.

There is one area in which a major occupational breakthrough does not depend upon a vast improvement in education. In the skilled trades, restrictive union practices have too often effectively excluded Negroes. Yet these restrictive practices are largely retrograde in an expanding economy in which positions could be opened up without threatening white jobs. Unions have long memories, but it seems about time that they recovered from a Depression psychology. This would seem one of the most appropriate places to apply legislative pressure. Opening up skilled positions would have an important effect in curbing Negro restiveness. Negro males who have completed high school but not attended college differ more in occupational status from their white equivalents than Negroes at any other level.

Other measures are important as well. Negroes should be encouraged to enter the urban police forces, and Negro policemen and Negro officers should have

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ONE YEAR LATER

GREECE UNDER THE JUNTA

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

SEVERAL WEEKS ago the Prime Minister of Greece invited me to visit his country and observe at first hand the conditions of life under the military junta that seized power on April 21, 1967. Accordingly in mid-April I spent a week in and around Athens, meeting with government officials, interviewing Athenian citizens, observing as much as possible of what seemed meaningful, and happily renewing friendships that go back to 1952 when I had the honor of flying in Korea alongside a detachment of the Royal Hellenic Air Force.

I have before me as I write this a newsletter from the U.S. Committee for Democracy in Greece. Prominent members of the Committee are Francis Biddle, Melina Mercouri, Rep. Don Edwards, Victor Reuther, and Michael Straight. The newsletter begins: "For the first time since World War II, a pro-Western European nation has fallen to a military dictatorship. Every free institution in Greece has been abolished. Thousands of men and women are in jail or concentration camps for their political beliefs alone. It has been documented that revolting torture is used to extract confessions. Greek schools, courts, churches, unions, communications media, the civil service, all branches of the armed services, have been stripped of their democratically elected leaders or officers, and replaced with agents servile to the junta. Among mayors and city councilmen alone, the total purged is in the tens of thousands. Secret arrests and incarceration without charge or trial continue daily." The newsletter is dated March 1968.

The burden of that newsletter is very similar to what we have been reading about Greece during the past year in the general press. My Greek friends protested against what they considered to be these smears. They thought I might have a look for myself and see if things are really all that bad.

I need not go into the background too much. Postwar developments leading up to the takeover of April 21, 1967 were covered thoroughly in Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn's article in NATIONAL REVIEW (May 30, 1967). Suffice to say that there is general agreement that the election which the coup forfended would have thrown the country into civil war. No party had a clear majority, and it was openly understood that the Communists would have acquired a position of strategic strength in any coalition government under Andreas Papandreou. The coup itself was bloodless. (For an interview with Andreas Papandreou and further background in Greek politics, see Tom Sage's article in NATIONAL REVIEW, October 17, 1967.)

AND, around the world, up went a furious shout against the colonels who had put democracy to death in the homeland of democracy. James Burnham neatly turned the challenge away (NATIONAL REVIEW, May 16, 1967): "Greece is not alone in Europe in having trouble with democracy. In fact, only a minority of European states have democratic governments; the nine nations of eastern Europe plus Yugoslavia, Albania, Portugal, Spain and East Germany do not. No more than three or four nations (India, Japan, Philippines . . .) can qualify in Asia; none, really, in Africa. Hardly any Latin American nations can manage more than a few years without a coup." Nevertheless, democratic procedure is uncommon enough to make us regret its passing when it passes. But it is not the chief political good, and as Kuehnelt-Leddihn has pointed out, a military dictatorship need not be a totalitarian one. The justification of the coup must rest on the certainty of the alternative, a Communist takeover on the Czechoslovakian model. Because of the special experience Greece has had with Communism, this would have meant bloody war.

Communism, to the Greek, is not merely an academic system. It is the political force that has on three occasions led an armed assault against Greece. There was the attempted Communist takeover in December 1944 in the wake of the Nazi retreat. There was the Communist War, 1946-1949, when the assault came out in the open and was repulsed by Greek fighters with the help of the United States, and God bless Harry Truman. There was the anarchical movement of 1966-1967. Communism has killed hundreds of thousands of Greek citizens and been responsible for the destruction of hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of Greek property. It is a real, tangible, hostile military force poised along a northern border that is 750 miles long. It drives towards the south not only because Communism is inherently imperialistic but also because Albania and Yugoslavia and Bulgaria would like to win passage to the Aegean Sea. The Greek is passionately nationalistic. Communism is international. The Greek is profoundly religious. Communism assails all religious values. The Greek is notoriously individualistic. Communism homogenizes. The Greek is eleutherophilic. Communism feeds on slaves.

The U.S. Committee for Democracy in Greece may describe Greece as an armed prison camp, but the visitor to that country cannot find even the basic symptoms of mass repression. I was there two days before I saw a soldier. It took an exceedingly sharp eye, and a little local knowledge, to spot a cop. The borders are open, and there are signs of net migration of Greeks *into* Greece (compare the Berlin Wall)—although the return of overseas Greeks has more to to with economic conditions in Europe than with spontaneous affection for the colonels and their junta.

The economy, to judge by simple standards, is humming. The restaurants are running, the shops are open, construction is proceeding at a fast clip (the pneumatic hammers wake up at seven in the morning and chatter all day long, all over Athens).

Censorship indeed persists.* In effect the country has been declared off limits to politicians. But there is no interference with the flow of printed matter from abroad. The *peripteros*

* After this was written, the regime abolished censorship—but only pending "responsible" behavior by the critics.

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are gorged with magazines from all over the world. Personally, I shudder at the notion of censorship and wish there were some other way of handling a politically irresponsible press. It occurs to me that a regime that wants to protect itself from the political effect of irresponsible journalism could legitimately sue for "equal time" in any newspaper or magazine that undertakes to launch a critical assault. The Greek junta claims that the press had fallen into the habit of making false statements: so it should be easy enough for the junta to require its own version of affairs to be printed alongside the other. Well—perhaps an essay on "creative censorship" is badly needed in these days when everyone can read and no one can evaluate. Greece is indeed off limits to dissenting politicians. But there is a marked disjunction between the political rights of politicians and the political rights of citizens.

Definitely Greece under the junta has become a propaganda-state. Through the countryside you will find signs put up saying Long Live the Army—Long Live the National Government—Long Live the Nation-Saving Army. (On the other hand, Long Live the King was plastered all over Greece *before* the junta took over.) Every newspaper carries a streamer running along the top of its front page proclaiming *Ellas Ellinon Christianon*—a Greece of Greek Christians (and an American Embassy official, talking about this, asked me: "What do you think that means to the 100,000 Moslems of Macedonia?"). In the lobby of a country hotel you will find a dog-eared copy of a thick propaganda book justifying the revolution of April 21, 1967. The regime-controlled radio issues daily exhortations to the people to support Greece and the regime. A neat white sign at the front desk of a hotel proclaims: "Three times the Communists have attacked the Greek people. Communism has cost us 150,000 dead and 120 billion drachmas in damages." Another sign, also issued from the government, says: "The 21st of April has entered the pages of our history. It has become the milestone of a new Greece, creative and united." The last phrase is a slogan, repeated everywhere.

Easter, the climax of the Christian liturgical year, was expropriated by the regime. In 1968 by coincidence Easter and the first anniversary of the revolution fell on the same Sunday. The regime seized upon this propaganda opportunity with an almost blasphemous zeal. Signs appeared all over Athens pairing the two events. One said: "21 April—The Holy Day Dawns—Christ Is Risen—Truly Greece is Risen." Another: "21 April the Resurrection of the People" (*Anastasis tou Ethnous*). Another, showing an evzone directing pedestrians on a street: "Keep to the Right—Avenue of 21 April 1967." One wonders whether all of this self-justification is necessary. Surely I would have thought that the Greeks, skeptical, worldly, proud, would have been the last people in the world to try to persuade through primitive sloganeering and gauche attempts to deify the regime.

Detention Is Humane

It simply is not true, as the U.S. Committee for Democracy in Greece says, that "every free institution in Greece has been abolished."

Well then, how about the "thousands of men and women . . . in jail or concentration camps for their political beliefs alone"? After the coup, as the regime freely admits, it rounded up about 6,800 political activists and detained them, for fear their opposition in the early days would make an orderly transition impossible. That this was only the smallest portion of the leftist faction is clear when you remember that some 500,000 people voted Communist in the 1966 elections (Greece has a population of about nine million) and there were 70,000 members of the "Lambrakis" youth clubs, which were Communist-led.

Within eight months all but 2,300 of the political detainees were released. They had signed pledges to refrain from political activity. Not one claimed he had been abused while in prison. The remaining 2,300 are, for the most part, political activists with criminal records (anarchy, murder, assassination) who had been amnestied by Andreas Papandreou a couple of years earlier. Any of them is free to leave prison any time he signs the pledge to refrain from political activity. But they apparently choose to stay in prison and perpetuate the *cause célèbre*. Here again one might quibble with the junta. If, by requiring this pledge, the junta puts these last 2,300 prisoners in a position to make great political propaganda, isn't the junta, on balance, the loser in the deal? You might make a case for pushing these demonstrators out the front door of the prison whether they like it or not.

What about torture? The U.S. Committee has produced no satisfactory documentation.** Journalists who have visited the prisons and found no evidence of mistreatment have accused the regime of concealing the evidence. The International Red Cross, adhering to its renowned and meticulous procedures, inspects the prison camps every three or four months. Its reports, which the regime had made public recently, mention no serious offenses against humane detention practice; they do make certain minor suggestions, which the regime has apparently accepted. In any case the allegation puts the regime in the position of being required to prove a negative proposition (i.e. that there is no torture); and Greek logicians discovered the impossibilty of negative proof about 2,500 years ago.

Almost everyone I talked to was apprehensive about the future, if only because the junta has been so vague in its statements of its intentions. An excellent panel of retired jurists has, it is true, drawn up a new constitution; that constitution, it is true, will be reviewed by the people, amended as a result of public discussion, and put to the plebiscite in the autumn. The junta, it is true, has promised to abide by the constitution and hold genuine elections——but only after the "social goals" of the revolution have been achieved. Exactly what are those social goals? On this crucial question the junta is silent as a stone.

But the future is another question, for another essay. Prophecy in Greece has ever been Delphic. I feel on much firmer ground describing what's doing at the moment, and from what I can gather I would conclude that Greece, under the junta, is getting along happily enough in a very muddled world. You don't have to like everything you see in a country. As long as the borders are open there is at least that much freedom. Greece isn't Cuba. □

** Its "documentation" consists of a report by Amnesty International which concludes that "at least prima facie" evidence exists concerning mistreatment of ten prisoners.

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PIMPERNEL FOR THE CHURCH

THE GREATEST BEGGAR IN THE WORLD

CHARLES FOLEY

YOU HAVE TO PUT ten lire in the elevator to make it work. Grumbling, it heaves you up six floors to the top of a nineteenth-century *palazzo* on the Vatican side of the Tiber. A door is opened by a smiling, fresh-faced girl with a lot of fair hair, who looks as if she should be selling butter and eggs in Holland, and you step, slightly startled, into a clean and sparkling set of rooms that also seems to have been imported from the North. White curtains, blowing in the breeze, white walls and paintwork, clinical modern furniture, and behind a desk buried in papers, a big man in abundant, dazzling white robes.

The Re-Christianizers

Father Werenfried van Straaten looks a bit like an ex-boxer: heavy shoulders, a solid jaw, a little trouble around the midriff, which he slaps, heartily. "Nothing to be done! No time for exercise!" He is a Dutchman and the head of a remarkable organization which has been called "the Vatican CIA" and is in fact the Catholic Church's "Iron Curtain Relief Service." Its immediate task is to help the persecuted church of Eastern Europe, and its ultimate aim is nothing less than the re-Christianization of the countries now under Communist domination.

Father van Straaten admits to being a boxer in his youth; but as for running a spy center—"my spies only interest themselves in charity and religion."

"But it's true," he adds, "that in Czechoslovakia, for example, where the Church is dying and the 1,400 priests are prevented in so many ways from carrying out their ministry, they call us spies. Once I entered Czechoslovakia clandestinely with a tourist party. In a Prague square I saw five big photographs exhibited—the five biggest religious enemies of the regime. The Pope, Cardinal Mindszenty, Cardinal Spellman, Cardinal Frings —and me. Under my picture the caption read: "This is the man who calls himself chief of the army of God. He takes money and jewels from the faithful to turn priests into spies."

Father van Straaten rummaged among the papers on the desk and found a document which he recently took to Pope Paul VI at a private audience: his annual budget. The total income—which equaled expenditure—was more than $5 million.

There were items for aid to churches and priests who work in secret, for the families of priests in prison, for food, clothes, books. I queried "motorization."

"Those are our chapel trucks." Father van Straaten explained: "We have converted hundreds of lorries. You open the side and there's the altar. Priests drive them around the villages in areas which have no churches."

Part of the money goes on preparations for the day when the Communist regimes will crumble. More than twenty seminaries and monasteries are training priests and close to a thousand refugees have already been ordained. The target is 3,000, and if, by some means, all restrictions were to be lifted on the Church in satellite countries tomorrow, Father van Straaten's priests would be ready to cross the frontiers the same day in chapel trucks, bearing supplies of food and fuel. "We've even recorded messages of hope and greeting to be broadcast when the day of freedom comes," he says.

To raise money, the head of Iron Curtain Church Relief goes on speaking tours. His dusty black Mercedes clocked up 100,000 miles last year. He sleeps in the back seat, to be woken at frontiers and towns where people are waiting to hear him preach. He has made twelve speeches a day in different towns and villages. When we met in Rome he was just preparing for another tour in East Germany. He asks for money, or for gifts. This means that ICCR's warehouses are crammed with 2,000 tons of offerings, from socks to smoked sausages, double beds and diamond brooches. He begs addresses from business organizations, and to these he sends copies of his twice monthly *Mirror* periodical, which has a printing of 50 million.

"I'm sorry I cannot tell you the means we use to send aid behind the Curtain," he said. "But one way or another we keep the supplies going. Money, food parcels, typewriters, cars. . .

"Transport is vital. In one way or another we've provided thousands of motorcycles and cars for priests in Communist lands and in refugee areas."

Priests for Sale

Father van Straaten has traveled often in Communist countries. He risks his life but seems also to enjoy it.

"I adopt a false name and leave my habit behind. I go as a farmer, say, or tourist and I grow a . . . how-do-you-say. . .?" His fingers twirled at the ends of an invisible moustache. In this way he has visited the bishops of the Catholic Church in six Peoples' Republics, and personally spoken to scores of secret priests—men who wear no robes and who are, in outward appearance, ordinary factory workers or farm laborers. These men evade state control by being ordained in brief ceremonies in some secret place. Some are betrayed by informers, but many thousands are at work, baptizing, hearing confessions, celebrating Mass among the 65 million Catholics of Eastern Europe.

Many Communist officials turn a blind eye to the work of secret priests, either because they wish to insure themselves against a possible collapse of the regime; or because they are themselves secretly Christians. It is known that some very high-up Soviet leaders are believers; they may even, like Svetlana Stalin, be members of the Russian Church.

Certain Communist regimes sell priests, along with Jews and other "undesirables," to the West. The practice has provided useful support for the Rumanian economy over the past six years. But, perhaps because Catholicism is the most stringently persecuted of all Christian creeds, Father van Straaten has been able to buy only seven priests over this period.

Weren't things getting better for

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the Church in these days of "peaceful coexistence"? I asked.

Van Straaten looked at me with questioning grey eyes. "On the contrary, they are getting worse," he said, and brought out a thick folder stuffed with documents. "This is my radiograph of the persecuted Church, country by country. They cannot touch thousands of our bravest priests, because they are already dead. Some three thousand, however, are still in prison and more than ten thousand nuns have been driven from their convents to work in labor camps. Of the bishops, about two hundred have been exiled, imprisoned, killed or forced to renounce their ministry. There is a constant movement to replace a faithful priest with a 'state candidate'—a man who will obey whatever order the government may give him, however contrary to his faith.

Albanian Church Gone

"Take Poland. For 35 million Catholics there, no new church has been built since 1958. The authorities talk about the separation of church and state, but in fact the state controls every last detail. There's no religious instruction in the schools, and the few Catholic schools still open—five—are kept on simply to show to tourists from the West. All religious books have disappeared. They burn them at a farm in Jeziorno—people call it the breviary-grinder.

"Albania is worse still. The Church there has been annihilated, and the five bishops have just vanished. In Rumania there were ten bishops, of whom three have been killed, four have died in prison and the others are still confined. In Czechoslovakia the number of priests falls and falls. The limit is twenty new priests a year, against the sixty lost in the same period. All the seminaries are closed, and 764 convents are empty. Do you know that they offer a prize of 10,000 crowns to anyone who can induce a nun to renounce her faith?"

What was the ICCR doing in Soviet Russia? I asked.

"We have been there, even in Siberia; in the Ukraine there were five million Catholics, but many have been deported, the churches in the villages are ruined or used as grain stores, and of the eleven bishops, ten are dead and the last, Cardinal Slipy, has been allowed to come to the West after eighteen years of forced labor. It is forbidden to teach the catechism and from the age of six, children are taught to hate the idea of God."

Father van Straaten, who is fifty-five, studied languages as a young man at Utrecht University, and today he speaks seven. He founded the ICCR movement in 1947 when some twelve million German refugees were flowing into the West. He told his superior on Christmas morning that he had decided to leave the abbey where he worked to help the refugees by speaking for them and collecting aid on their behalf. He remembers his first sermon:

"The church was crowded, and I knew everyone there had reasons, personal reasons, to hate the Germans. While I preached, explaining the sufferings of these refugees and asking for help, the crowd just stared at me coldly. It was the most difficult sermon of my life. At the end of Mass I stood at the church door with a hat in my hand; and one by one the whole congregation went by and not many of them looked at me, and not one put anything in the hat.

"I went back into the church in anguish and went down on my knees and prayed. Then I felt a touch on my shoulder. It was an old woman. 'My two sons were killed by the Germans,' she said. 'But what you said was just. Here are five francs for those poor people.' So I started with five francs to feed twelve million."

Later, touring factories, farms and towns, Father van Straaten found that people could learn to care for those whom they had so recently cursed. His work and fame grew. He recalls a day in 1949 when he was attempting to negotiate with a Red general in behalf of refugees. "'We Russians are the picked troops of Satan!' he said, and laughed. 'Are you the best God can produce?' I thought: we shall see. I haven't looked back from that day."

God Helps the Helpers

ICCR is now expanding its activities to help the Church in many other countries where it is in danger or difficulty: in Brazil, Chile and Colombia; in the Congo and in India; in Vietnam, where over a million Catholic refugees have fled Hanoi to the South.

"It is presumptuous and unreasonable to expect that God will free the Church from Communism if we haven't done all we can to make that liberation productive and significant," said Father van Straaten. "We have already lost 20,000 priests in the countries of the Soviet empire. They died in prisons and camps, they fled or simply disappeared. We pray for the persecuted Church, and we pray for the conversion of all Communists, the dupers and the duped, Brezhnev, Gromyko, Tito, Mao—for the persecutors are in greater need, spiritually, than the persecuted. But if we do not dare to make preparations, to work, our prayers will not have a very persuasive influence on God!"

Father van Straaten smiled. "You know, I wasn't altogether at home as a monk. I sang in the abbey choir, but my voice was loud and always slightly off key."

There is a certainty in his voice now that is, in itself, a solace. It is easy to understand why "Werenfried"—his monastic name, meaning "Champion for Peace"—has become for millions of people in East and West a symbol of faith in the future.

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RUSSELL KIRK

CONTINUITY AND RELEVANCE

FROM THE ACADEMY

It is not at all difficult to become a nihilist at the age of eighteen; but it is most difficult to pursue wisdom, thinking always being painful. In the recent rioting at the Sorbonne, some Parisian students sprayed a legend in paint above a doorway: "No Work!" It is infinitely amusing to spend one's college years in empty protest, rather than in work; and a lifetime of idleness is the dream of the immature social visionary. One thinks of a book by a grandson of Karl Marx entitled *The Right to be Idle.*

Yet the world's work is waiting to be done. The great wheel of circulation must be turned; and, even more important, the work of the intellect, illuminated by the moral imagination, cannot be neglected in this generation when Dinos conspires against Zeus. A rough protest against work and against order is a ruinous protest against the nature of things. For students to "do their thing" after this fashion is to bring down the academy and to break that continuity in the civil social order which the life of the intellect has long maintained.

When recently I spoke at the Berkeley campus of the University of California, a tightly-knit band of students of the New Left (more civil to me than to most) protested that the modern college and university are not relevant to our need for "creating a better world." Revolutionary action, these collegians thought, is the aim of the academy. Lectures should be harangues meant for the propagation of a new social faith, they implied, and campuses should become staging-grounds for the overthrow of existing public authority.

Now I feel some sympathy for the malcontents of the mass campus, of Behemoth University, where the student has become a business-machine number, depersonalized, and the instructor's plight may be little better. The lonely crowd necessarily is unhappy, and a crowd easily turns into a mob. The militant students nowadays are bored; and mankind can endure anything except boredom. Also the militant students have been cut off from their cultural roots—and, as Miss Hannah Arendt remarks, the rootless always are violent.

At Berkeley, a graduate student informed me that the study of foreign languages and the study of sciences are irrelevant to higher education—or to the kind of learning he desires. If one wishes to become merely a leader of the crowd, indeed such disciplines are irrelevant. But if one aspires to a condition higher than that of a demagogue, it is well to know something of literature beyond one's native tongue, and to acquire some passable knowledge of the philosophical sciences, as distinguished from technology. Like many other radical students, this earnest young man did not understand the need for continuity nor the character of genuine relevance to wisdom; for that matter, he did not understand how college and university work upon society.

ACTUALLY—as I said in my recent commencement address at the College of Charleston—the sort of education which most profoundly affects the civil social order, in the long run, is that education which lifts the student above the hurly-burly of the hour's quarrels. The function of the college is not to gratify the immediate appetite, but rather to introduce the rising generation to long views. The function of the college is not to rouse young people to revolt against the nature of things, but rather to acquaint them with the wisdom of our ancestors. The function of the college is not to promulgate an impractical ideal of human perfectibility, but rather to teach us what Unamuno called the tragic view of life—the greatness and the fallibility of man, as described in humane letters. The function of the college is not to inflame the passions, but rather to lead us toward right reason through philosophy.

The student whose hand is against every man's today has not apprehended the Great Tradition, the body of received truth. And so such a student wanders like Cain, angry and confused, crying "Pull down! Pull down!" He does not understand how we moderns—as Fulbert of Chartres put it—are dwarfs standing upon the shoulders of giants, able to see far only because we are elevated by the achievement of the dead.

Precisely because he detests the dead—because he rejects his cultural patrimony—that student Cain works the ruin of his own generation and of posterity. Defying or denying the continuity of civilization, such a student stumbles into a new barbarism, and is consumed in its flames. Thus the student Cain betrays us to the regime of misrule, in which, as Yeats put it,

The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Man's nature being a constant, the most relevant things are things discerned by men of genius in many different times and countries. The prophets and the poets are relevant to the personal and public disorder of this century; it is our contemporary demagogues and intellectual charlatans who are irrelevant—if we mean to regain the inner order of the soul and the outer order of society. The calm analysis of Tocqueville is more relevant to our troubles than is the current uproar on the campuses and the Poor People's Campaign in Washington.

Those who immerse themselves in the mere process of this month's events become the prisoners of time and circumstance. Those who shout negations—who would snap the continuity of culture—cannot "create a better world." But those of the rising generation who live by affirmation can do much to redeem our time. □

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Investigating Communism

Special Counsel
By William A. Rusher
Arlington House, $6.00

EUGENE LYONS

After seven tranquil years with a prestigious Wall Street law firm, William A. Rusher joined the legal staff of the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security. He thus exchanged the quiet life for "savage controversy, charge and countercharge, heated denials, shouting headlines, popping flashbulbs"—in short, the cacophony of abuse and malediction reserved for those assigned to investigate Communist skulduggery. He served for seventeen months, in 1956-57, and this is the time-segment he describes in *Special Counsel*—an important book as recent history, highly pertinent to the present, and fascinating reading.

As assistant to chief counsel Robert Morris, his role was secondary; but since they constituted the whole of the committee's legal battery, he was completely on the inside. And luckily for the author and the book, those seventeen months compassed a lot of significant investigations and staff studies. From among them Mr. Rusher has selected seven for detailed narration, because of the light they throw on Communist methods and motives; but a few, plainly, made the Rusher hit-parade for 1956-57 also for their exceptional human drama. To all of them, he brings a lawyer's competence in organizing evidence and a natural writer's skill in depicting the people on both sides of the confrontations as well as the ambience of the period.

Taken together, and rounded out in generalized chapters of analysis, these episodes add up to a true cross-section of the life and labors of a major congressional committee inquiring into Communist activities. *Special Counsel* thus provides an intimate behind-the-scenes view of an enterprise normally seen only in the distorting mirrors of left-liberal invective. The resulting picture is startlingly unlike the hostile stereotype, in the author's words, of "hard-eyed bigots trying to brand as subversive every idea generated since the Dark Ages."

In the smear-stereotype, for instance, legislators lust for publicity, whatever the cost in ruined reputations. Actually the reluctance of senators to undertake inquiries likely to bring yet another hail of brickbats was one of the problems faced by their counsel and by Ben Mandel, the chief researcher.

A CASE in point was the interrogation of Jacob Javits, at that time Attorney General of New York and pressing for the Republican senatorial nomination. The staff "mused on their duty—and the manifest perils of doing it." The decision was taken out of their hands when Javits asked to be heard. Yet they "were all beginning to wonder whether Eastland would go through with the hearings after all." According to Rusher, the Mississippi senator "was actually an extremely cautious and not overly courageous chairman" of the Subcommittee.

Other legislators, too, knew that there was scant political profit in tangling with the left-wing specialists in denunciation. (Apparently the only one who got well-deserved political mileage from the process was Richard Nixon, for his exposure of Alger Hiss.) In both wings of the Capitol, congressmen have been more eager to evade than to seek places on these controversial committees—"the graveyards of more public men than any comparable institutions in the nation's history."

The investigation to which most space is devoted, the so-called "Norman case," had an element of melodrama and stands as a memorable example of liberal hysteria.

Back in 1951, E. Herbert Norman, a Canadian Foreign Service officer and a protégé of Lester Pearson, was identified to the Senate committee as a Communist, but the affair was neatly hushed up. In mid-March, 1957, his name popped up again, almost casually, in testimony and documents on another matter. By that time Norman was Canada's ambassador to Egypt. The committee was subjected to the familiar barrage of cuss-words for supposedly reviving an old "smear" on a prominent neighbor.

On April 4, bombshell news was flashed from Cairo: Norman had jumped to his death from a tall building. The suicide touched off an angry gale that threatened to destroy the committee, which of course was at once accused, indicted and convicted of "hounding an innocent man to death." The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* joined the Canadian press in howls of anguish. Robert Morris was burned in effigy on a Toronto university campus. To the standard charges of smear, witch-hunt, lust-for-publicity, a count of homicide was added—"murder by slander," "assassination by innuendo."

For the *dénouement*, go to the book. Suffice here that the committee was quickly and fully vindicated. No margins for doubt remained that Norman had long been neck-deep in Communist shenanigans. His suicide, according to intelligence from Cairo, was probably prompted by dread of a Royal Commission inquiry in which he would have had to implicate scores of Canadians and Americans. The exposures in Washington, Canadians learned, derived in large part from an earlier report by their own esteemed Mounties. Pearson, by now Minister of External Affairs, retreated from high-pitched defense of his protégé into mumbled double-talk.

However—and this is the most shocking part of the story—not one of the editors, clergymen and politicians who had accused the Subcommittee of indirect murder had the decency to retract and apologize. Evidently the norms of civilized behavior didn't apply to miscreants exposing Communists and their crimes.

Another Subcommittee inquiry recounted at length, captioned "The Termites in the Treasury," should interest Americans in the light of the tragedy in Southeast Asia. It discloses how Harry Dexter White, V. Frank Coe and others achieved "the financial strangulation of China," helping clear the road to power for Mao Tse-tung. "Every American soldier who died in Korea, or who has died or will die in Vietnam, or who must die elsewhere before Communist China is tamed at last," Rusher concludes, "is in one sense a victim

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of high-ranking Americans who served the cause of Communism in the Treasury Department in the years 1943-45."

Outside the pattern of the book, but a welcome bonus for the reader, is a chapter on Senator Joe McCarthy in the last fourteen months of his life. It is an intimate and engaging portrait that emerges, which, one hopes, will do a little to refute the grotesque caricature of the man drawn by the "fevered imaginations of men who either had good reason to hate McCarthy (e.g. the Communists) or who sincerely believed they had, and accordingly saw him through the haze of their own animosities and fears."

Considering the author's feelings about the menace of Communism, the book is remarkably restrained. It cites verbatim testimony very extensively in the interests of accuracy. Inferentially throughout, and directly in a final chapter of summation, it presents a persuasive defense of legislative investigations of Communist operations.

Because of the Kim Philby books, the memoir of Philippe de Vosjolin, a former French intelligence officer, and other recent revelations, the American people are presumably spy-conscious. Unfortunately this awareness does not appear as yet to have affected the State Department and the White House—witness the continuing ordeal of Otto Otepka. Officialdom is inclined to sacrifice security to its obsessions for "bridge-building" to Communist regimes. Yet common sense is our guarantee that the government remains deeply infiltrated by Soviet agents. *Special Counsel* is a timely reminder of what should be an urgent issue in this Presidential year. □

FICTION

Narcissus and Goldmund
By Hermann Hesse
Farrar, $5.95

Enderby
By Anthony Burgess
Norton, $5.95

PARNASSUS THE HARD WAY

GUY DAVENPORT

Hermann Hesse (1877-1962), the German novelist who out of a distaste for his fatherland's propensity for starting world wars lived in Switzerland, is apt to be known in the United States as the Pied Piper behind whom staggers the Rev. Tim Leary together with various peculiar Cornelia Street Hindus, Theosophists, dope addicts and Flower Children. It is thought among the Illumined that Hesse's allegorical *Steppenwolf* is the first book to be groovy about lysergic acid diethylamide—an honor that must be laid at the door of Aldous Huxley, or, to be strictly historical, at the door of H. G. Wells, who spread the news to an unsuspecting world in 1910. *Der Steppenwolf* was written in 1927; there was an English translation by 1929, but its *cultus* had to wait until the Modern Library issued it a few years ago in time for Professor Leary to designate it as a hymnal for his gaga congregation. Hesse's *Siddharta* is also a book consulted by narcotics cranks; and his *Magister Ludi* has a ghostly fame among the elate élite of psychedelia. None of this idiocy has anything at all to do with Hesse, though it may fulfill some of his fearful prophecies.

It is true that Hesse prefers the high cold air and the inscrutable. Saints, artists, and abstruse thought fascinate him. He has usually written about men searching for they know not what. They do not find it, coming as they do upon tragedy rather than peace, and upon disillusionment rather than enlightenment. *Narcissus and Goldmund*—a medieval tale as beautifully paced as a tapestry and as haunted and strange as an early Bergman film—follows the growth of a saint and an artist. They begin as teacher and pupil in a monastery. The world claims the artist Goldmund, and the large part of the novel is concerned with his wanderings and loves. He witnesses the Great Plague, war, cold, and even darker evils. To free himself from the world's terror and from the ruthlessness of time he becomes an artist. The priest Narcissus has meanwhile become a great philosopher and teacher to whose monastery Goldmund returns. Here he carves a magnificent pulpit.

Into this simple design Hesse has worked a mysterious fable. The artist who can picture the world with such feeling has had to touch the world too closely, and ultimately cannot understand it. It is a mother equally kind and cruel; death is all he can expect of her. The philosopher priest sees the world as a father, as God to whom he looks for eternal bliss. Hesse brings these two themes together with a powerful collision. He cannot resolve them, and the dissonance he strikes is as eloquent as any Beethoven introduced into his last quartets. This antagonism of heart and head, of reason and feeling, of innocence and experience, is an old story in Western literature; Hesse's statement of it has a beautiful strangeness all its own.

The artist in Mr. Anthony Burgess' hands is quite another matter. Hesse's brow-knitting and Germanic chill shatter like silence into which a circus band has marched when Mr. Burgess brings on Enderby the English poet, part Brendan Behan, part Dylan Thomas. Mr. Burgess has written about artists before: a book on James Joyce that shines with all the dazzle of his wild novels and a novel about Shakespeare. The super-egregious teen-age punk who narrates *A Clockwork Orange* dons a mask "of Pee Bee Shelley" to rob; and Shelley's early confederate in revolution, Thomas Jefferson Hogg, provides a pseudonym for Enderby when he needs a change of name. The artist as seen by artists is usually a man too much with the world, rather than too much out of it, as critics and the world itself like to think. Burgess' Enderby is a slob, a prey of designing women, a lethal glutton (a jar of pickles, a cup of boiled tea, and spaghetti for breakfast), an inept lover, and accident-prone sonneteer.

Commissioned by a butcher to provide love poems to a barmaid who has been cold to the butcher's advances, Enderby finds himself one day faced with the barmaid's hitherto invisible husband, a Communist evangelist (whose dialectic restores

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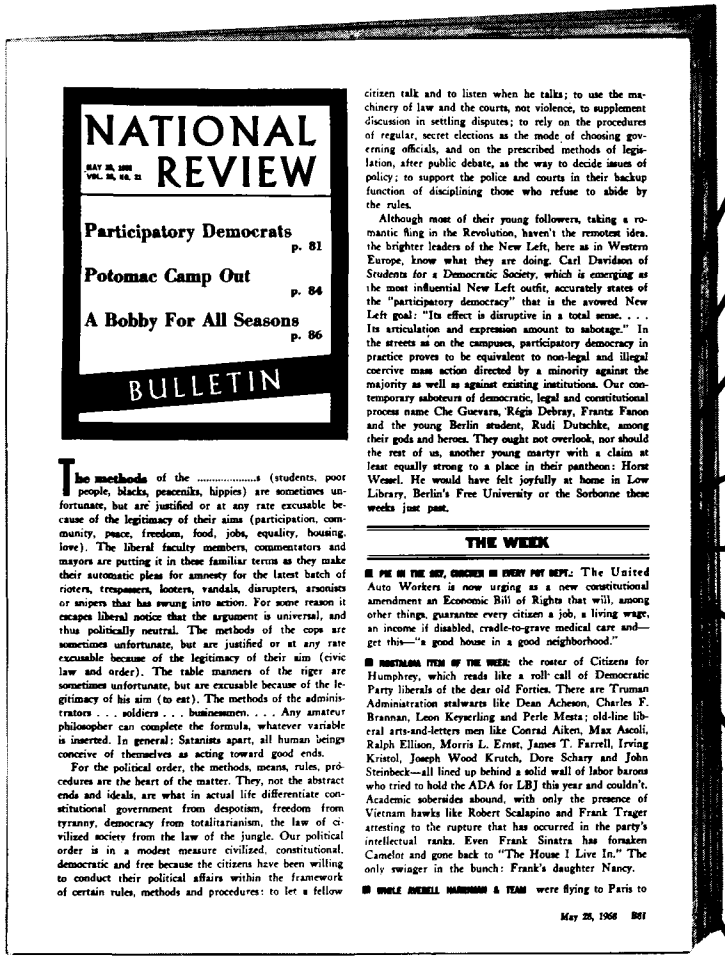

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BULLETIN

The methods of the .....s (students, poor people, blacks, peaceniks, hippies) are sometimes unfortunate, but are justified or at any rate excusable because of the legitimacy of their aims (participation, community, peace, freedom, food, jobs, equality, housing, love). The liberal faculty members, commentators and mayors are putting it in these familiar terms as they make their automatic pleas for amnesty for the latest batch of rioters, trespassers, looters, vandals, disrupters, arsonists or snipers that has swung into action. For some reason it escapes liberal notice that the argument is universal, and thus politically neutral. The methods of the cops are sometimes unfortunate, but are justified or at any rate excusable because of the legitimacy of their aim (civic law and order). The table manners of the tiger are sometimes unfortunate, but are excusable because of the legitimacy of his aim (to eat). The methods of the administrators . . . soldiers . . . businessmen. . . . Any amateur philosopher can complete the formula, whatever variable is inserted. In general: Satanists apart, all human beings conceive of themselves as acting toward good ends.

For the political order, the methods, means, rules, procedures are the heart of the matter. They, not the abstract ends and ideals, are what in actual life differentiate constitutional government from despotism, freedom from tyranny, democracy from totalitarianism, the law of civilized society from the law of the jungle. Our political order is in a modest measure civilized, constitutional, democratic and free because the citizens have been willing to conduct their political affairs within the framework of certain rules, methods and procedures: to let a fellow citizen talk and to listen when he talks; to use the machinery of law and the courts, not violence, to supplement discussion in settling disputes; to rely on the procedures of regular, secret elections as the mode of choosing governing officials, and on the prescribed methods of legislation, after public debate, as the way to decide issues of policy; to support the police and courts in their backup function of disciplining those who refuse to abide by the rules.

Although most of their young followers, taking a romantic fling in the Revolution, haven't the remotest idea, the brighter leaders of the New Left, here as in Western Europe, know what they are doing. Carl Davidson of *Students for a Democratic Society*, which is emerging as the most influential New Left outfit, accurately states of the "participatory democracy" that is the avowed New Left goal: "Its effect is disruptive in a total sense. . . . Its articulation and expression amount to sabotage." In the streets as on the campuses, participatory democracy in practice proves to be equivalent to non-legal and illegal coercive mass action directed by a minority against the majority as well as against existing institutions. Our contemporary saboteurs of democratic, legal and constitutional process name Che Guevara, Régis Debray, Frantz Fanon and the young Berlin student, Rudi Dutschke, among their gods and heroes. They ought not overlook, nor should the rest of us, another young martyr with a claim at least equally strong to a place in their pantheon: Horst Wessel. He would have felt joyfully at home in Low Library, Berlin's Free University or the Sorbonne these weeks just past.

THE WEEK

IF PIE IN THE SKY, CHICKEN IN EVERY POT DEPT.: The United Auto Workers is now urging as a new constitutional amendment an Economic Bill of Rights that will, among other things, guarantee every citizen a job, a living wage, an income if disabled, cradle-to-grave medical care and—get this—"a good house in a good neighborhood."

NOSTALGIA ITEM OF THE WEEK: the roster of Citizens for Humphrey, which reads like a roll call of Democratic Party liberals of the dear old Forties. There are Truman Administration stalwarts like Dean Acheson, Charles F. Brannan, Leon Keyserling and Perle Mesta; old-line liberal arts-and-letters men like Conrad Aiken, Max Ascoli, Ralph Ellison, Morris L. Ernst, James T. Farrell, Irving Kristol, Joseph Wood Krutch, Dore Schary and John Steinbeck—all lined up behind a solid wall of labor barons who tried to hold the ADA for LBJ this year and couldn't. Academic sobersides abound, with only the presence of Vietnam hawks like Robert Scalapino and Frank Trager attesting to the rupture that has occurred in the party's intellectual ranks. Even Frank Sinatra has forsaken Camelot and gone back to "The House I Live In." The only swinger in the bunch: Frank's daughter Nancy.

UNCLE AVERELL HARRIMAN & TEAM were flying to Paris to

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1. THE WEEK:
A compact listing of the week's most significant news items—many "overlooked" in the nation's press;

2. ON THE LEFT:
A regular report on what the Left is up to, including private reports from authoritative sources here and abroad;

3. CAPITAL BULLETIN:
A provocative report by "Winston," pseudonym for a top Washington correspondent who knows his way around the inner circles of government —that's why his news beats often appear as headline stories *weeks* after you've read them in the BULLETIN;

4. WHAT'S AHEAD:
A new feature that tells you what to look for in—and behind—current trends;

5. PEOPLE:
The column many BULLETIN readers turn to first. It's not afraid to name names or focus on famous people, often reports items that you won't find in the press or newsmagazines;

6. AT HOME:
A regular column by M. Stanton Evans, brilliant editor of the Indianapolis *News*. Mr. Evans has established himself as one of the nation's keenest political analysts and is particularly noted for his in-depth reporting of the most controversial issues that plague us today;

7. ABROAD:
This unique survey of the foreign scene is compiled from the most important overseas publications plus confidential reports from on-the-spot observers in key trouble spots the world over. You'll especially enjoy its panoramic view, and the concentration on important happenings that go unreported here;

8. BUSINESS:
Not a stock-market "dopesheet" but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news. It is designed to interest the layman as well as the expert and has become widely known for its perceptive analysis of business trends both here and abroad. Money, prices, wages, investments, inflation, automation — all the components of our remarkable society — suddenly have a special meaning for you when seen through the eyes of Editor Donald Waterford.

IMPORTANT

The BULLETIN is available by subscription only; however, if you pick up your National Review from a newsstand, or are reading a friend's copy you are eligible to use the card facing this page. Just enclose it in an envelope with $1.00 and return it to National Review. And if someone beat you to the card simply write direct to Mr. James P. McFadden, c/o National Review, 150 East 35th Street, New York, N. Y. 10016, enclosing your $1.00. He'll see to it that your subscription is entered at this bargain rate and receives prompt attention.

**The BULLETIN is the 8-page fortnightly newsletter which appears on alternate weeks, when the Magazine is not published. Regular rate: $7.00 per year available by subscription only.*

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Random Notes

■ GOOD NEWS: Houghton-Mifflin will publish, in October, the largest and loveliest book of Andrew Wyeth paintings yet ($55 until January 1; $75 thereafter). . . . Babette Rosmond, a family friend, is preparing a fond biography of Robert Benchley for publication by Doubleday early next year. . . . The strange death of President Hudson, an anti-U.S. plot in Panama and other excitements are in store in Allen Drury's *Preserve and Protect* (Doubleday, October), which takes up where *Capable of Honor* left off. . . . Two books for James Agee lovers, both edited by Robert Fitzgerald: *All Quarters of the North*, his previously uncollected prose; and *Permit Me Voyage and Other Poems* (Houghton, Fall).

Ohio University Press is publishing, gradually between now and 1979, a thirteen-volume edition of *The Complete Works of Robert Browning*. . . . In Romain Gary's new novel, *The Dance of Genghis Cohn*, the *dybbuk* of an exterminated Jew takes possession of a de-Nazified policeman (NAL, $5). . . . Tired of hippies etc? So is Karl Shapiro, in the title of his book *To Abolish Children*. Other topics: "In Defense of Bad Poetry," "The Death of Randall Jarrell" (Quadrangle, $6.50).

■ BAD NEWS: *The Bogey Man* is all about George Plimpton's dabble in the world of the professional golfer (Harper, Fall). . . . *The Drugstore Liberal*, a not-nice study of Hubert Humphrey by not-nice Robert Sherrill (*The Accidental President*) will be published by Grossman (July, $4.95); McGraw Hill had it first but backed out 1) because they wanted to publish *The Frontier Moves On*, a collection of LBJ's papers edited by poor old James MacGregor Burns (August, $5.95), and 2) because it's badly done. . . . Anyone care to guess who *really* wrote the novel *The Senator*, allegedly by Drew Pearson? (Doubleday, August, $5.95). . . . Jacqueline Grennan, that apostate nun, has written *Where I am Going* (McGraw-Hill, $4.95); where do *you* think a broad who calls herself a "guerrilla fighter of grace" is going?

God as antithesis to sin). He marries a woman whose sole aim, she discloses on the honeymoon, is to restore him to the Church, and on the run from her lands in bed with a female selenologist who considers writing poetry a perversion. So it goes, as lively as a Mack Sennett comedy, from scrape to scrape. After 406 pages Enderby, alias Hogg, is in charge of a bar in Tangiers frequented by the likes of William Burroughs and Peter Orlovsky. He has rejected (by shooting England's leading rock and roll singer) and been rejected by civilization, friends and fellow poets. He has even rejected—with psychiatric help—poetry. But poetry returns. That is where Hesse and Burgess part company: art for Hesse is a distillation of suffering. For Burgess art is a joyous gift, like grace, that is as likely to turn up in Enderby as Shakespeare.

Indeed, the novel *Enderby* is itself an example of work which Mr. Burgess could not refuse. There was published in England some years ago a novel called *Inside Mr. Enderby*. It was by Joseph Kell and told how Enderby, our same Mr. Enderby, was cured of writing poetry and became a useful ordinary citizen. That, Anthony Burgess decided, would not do, even as satire, and—Mr. Kell and Mr. Burgess being the same man—Enderby was cured of being an ordinary useful citizen and thrown back into the Muse's arms, ruining, by the way, the reputation of the psychiatrist who had effected the cure.

It is by now widely known that Anthony Burgess is no ordinary novelist. There are novelists who could have created Enderby; there are fewer novelists who could have written Enderby's poetry for him—poetry that we aren't quite certain isn't parody; there are very few novelists who could have topped this and invented a Muse who reels off top-notch textual criticism of the densest of Enderby's poems (for Enderby, who is never wholly in on what his poems mean, and, of course, for us). Add to this Mr. Burgess' rolling prose rhythms and his canny aptitude for languages (such as the slang of expatriate Englishmen in Morocco), and the category in which we can place Mr. Burgess seems to contain Mr. Burgess alone. □

The World of Andrew Carnegie
By Louis Hacker
Lippincott, $8.95

THE GREAT AGE OF ENTERPRISE

JAMES E. DORNAN JR.

It has become a commonplace of contemporary social criticism to observe that the existing crisis is in considerable measure a crisis of identity: America has lost her way in the world because America has forgotten who she is and how she became what she is. Less frequently noted is the contribution which the tendentious character of modern historical writing has made to that identity crisis. Indeed, the current propensity for reading back into the past the perspectives and values of the present and for judging the past by the present may be the single most important factor in the development of the national amnesia which lies at the core of our current discontents.

Especially has this tendency been pronounced in the writing of economic history. The Great Depression seemingly called into question the very viability of American economic institutions; moreover, the apparent depth of the national consensus on political values, coupled somewhat paradoxically with a growing materialism among the populace at large, may have encouraged a concentration upon the reinterpretation of the nation's economic past. In any event, for several generations now a principal concern of economic historiography has been the debunking of the nineteenth-century dictum that there exists an intimate connection between freedom and social progress. And for what must seem to postwar generations of college students almost as long, Professor Louis Hacker has been laboring against the mainstream to reassert the extent of the contribution made by a free economy to America's greatness. His *The Triumph of American Capitalism* and *Alexander Hamilton in the American Tradition* are widely recognized as classics; now, in his latest volume, he sets forth at length his mature conclusions concerning the Age of Enterprise and its place in American history.

HACKER'S CONCERN, here as elsewhere, is focused on the nature of the process of economic growth. Hacker pays due attention to an analysis of the various economic prerequisites for "take-off," particularly the importance of an adequate resource base, a sizable labor force, and available capital; but he is especially concerned to emphasize the significant role of the popular *mores* of the time, and the political institutions which those *mores* supported, in fostering rapid economic growth. The Civil War liberated the nation from its obsession with politics and constitutional issues, and the success of the effort to preserve the Union furthered the transformation of the Republican Party into the party of economic progress (it is significant that the Democrats

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offered only half-hearted opposition to suddenly prevalent trends). The popular mind looked with favor upon ambition, the desire to acquire and accumulate, and profit-making; government, in a great variety of ways but especially by affording protection for rights of property and contract, shaped a climate favorable to investment and the efficient allocation of resources.

Implicitly, therefore, Professor Hacker recalls to our attention a profound truth. Contemporary collectivists are correct when they emphasize that the role of government can be vital in shaping the public and private climate of a given historical era, as "traditionalist" conservatives such as John Adams and Burke were fully aware; the key question, of course, is precisely what sort of role government should assume, and to what end. One finds in Hacker's economic and political philosophy no congenital opposition to every kind of governmental attempt to influence the economy, and he is fully aware that nonintervention can influence economic processes as decisively as can intervention. Neither is he unaware of the rampant profiteering, industrial conflict, inequalities in living standards, and other social costs normally attendant upon laissez-faire. He merely asks that such costs be kept in perspective, and that governmental economic policies be evaluated on the basis of a broad view of the nation's purposes.

During the second half of the nineteenth century a mighty industrial state was created in America, and, as a direct result of a concomitant remarkable increase in the national wealth, within a generation the entire nation was sharing in social gains unrivaled elsewhere. Even during the period of growth itself the farmer and worker both enjoyed gradual economic progress; real wages in the United States, for example, reached a level higher than anywhere else in the world, a level more than twice as high as that reached in Great Britain. There may not be an invisible hand, Hacker seems to be saying, but the less visible government is, during the "take-off" period at least, the more likely is it that the lot of the common man will improve.

Along the way, Professor Hacker draws freely upon research old and new to lay to rest an impressive list of myths and misconceptions: that the farmer paid the price for American industrialization, that wholesale prices fell sharply during the years 1873-1896 because the money supply was inadequate, that inflation is a *sine qua non* of economic growth, and that Jay Gould and James J. Hill rank with Stalin and Mao among the antichrists of history. All his judgments are rendered with reasoned balance, and although scholars will quarrel with him on some particulars, none ought to ignore him.

But Professor Hacker's interests extend beyond the mere setting straight of history; he suggests, as well, that the model of economic growth implicit in the American experience may be of direct relevance to developing nations of the present. To this assertion certain objections might be raised; while it is surely correct to note that the general significance of America's experience with a free economy is normally dismissed all too cavalierly, a careful analysis of that experience reveals the magnitude of the nation's accomplishment; and it is clear that few of the "emerging" nations possess the basic economic prerequisites for progress of any sort. Such reflections, however, do not constitute a refutation of the Hacker thesis concerning the relationship between free political and economic institutions and economic growth; they rather serve merely to confirm the truth of Hans J. Morgenthau's trenchant observation that "just as there will always be bums and beggars in the world, so too will there always be bum and beggar nations." Hacker's challenge to the collectivists is simple and direct: is there any other path to economic growth and national wealth?

Against the background of the broad survey of economic history which fills the bulk of the volume Hacker surveys, in an almost incidental manner, the relevant aspects of the remarkable career of Andrew Carnegie, which is offered as an example of what can be achieved by an able and ambitious man in the sort of climate embodied in nineteenth-century America. Carnegie, of course, has been recognized as a fascinating figure since the publication some years ago of Burton J. Hendrick's biography.

Self-educated, articulate, adventuresome and innovative, he rose to prominence in railroading, then brought the weight of his talents to bear upon the growing iron and steel industry. Hacker recounts his classic battles with the Morgan interests and the assorted pools and cartels of the time, culminating in the final disposal of his enterprises to the combine which became U.S. Steel. The emergence of that combine itself, Hacker feels, marked the end of an era, signaling as it did a shift in the orientation of industry from risk-taking and increases in productivity (leading to lowered costs and prices), to profit-making and stability. With Carnegie died the Age of Enterprise, at least in basic industry.

To a generation of Americans raised on Upton Sinclair, Ida Tarbell, and their ideological descendants, volumes like *The World of Andrew Carnegie* cannot be too highly recommended. Those seeking a full-length treatment of Carnegie's life will have to turn elsewhere; here they will merely find one of the most comprehensive and readable histories extant of America's rise to economic greatness. □

Thomas Wolfe: A Biography
By Andrew Turnbull
Scribner's, $7.95

MOUNTAINOUS ENERGY MASSIVE PRODUCT

PETER P. WITONSKI

It is perhaps indicative of the ephemeral condition of contemporary American literature that the novels of the late Thomas Wolfe, which once loomed so large on our literary scene, have lately been relegated to the parochial obscurity of the academy; those huge, poetic volumes which inspired several decades with their torrential force—*Look Homeward, Angel* (1929), *Of Time and the River* (1935), *The Web and the Rock* (1939), and *You Can't Go Home Again* (1940)—have long since ceased to excite the faddish moulders of our literary tastes. Oddly enough, this temporary decline—for that is what it is—comes at the very moment when Wolfe's reputation is at its peak in Europe, where his uniquely American verisimilitude is both admired and imitated. It goes without saying that his reputation in America will inevitably rise again with the same abrupt capriciousness that caused it to fall in the first place; and his gigantic vision of America will be conveyed anew to another generation of readers. For the time being, however, we can only lament that he is not more widely read.

That insufficiently defined and too much discussed thing called the Great American Novel is what Wolfe, with all his mountainous energy, sought to write. It is hard to think of another American writer who so consciously strove to achieve this goal. The great editor, Maxwell Perkins, who knew Wolfe's work as no other man did, saw Wolfe as a man struggling to reveal a great country to its own people. The struggle was not like that of the English writers who revealed England to Englishmen through generations. "[Wolfe] knew," Perkins remarked, "that the light and color of America were different; that the smells and sounds, its people, and all the structure and dimensions of our continent were unlike anything before. It was with this that he was struggling, and it was that struggle alone that, in a large sense, governed all he did. . . ." And so he wrote of America with a near revelatory exuberance, transcending the trivial and superfluous and capturing the quintessential. "And everywhere, through the immortal dark," he wrote, "something moving in the night, and something stirring in the hearts of men, and something crying in their wild, unuttered blood, the wild un-

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uttered tongues of its huge prophecies—so soon the morning, soon the morning: O America."

Wolfe was essentially an autobiographer. Indeed, as he remarked in the prefatory passage of *Look Homeward, Angel,* to him all serious works of fiction were autobiographical. Could one possibly find a more autobiographical work than *Gulliver's Travels,* he slyly asked? Although he changes the name and physical characteristics of his hero from Eugene Gant to George Webber after the first two volumes of his quartet, his novels, taken as a whole, must be viewed as one of the great autobiographical achievements in the history of the novel. After charting the painful odyssey of Gant and Webber, any attempt to write Wolfe's biography — regardless of how well it may be done—cannot help but be anticlimactic. Nevertheless there have been several attempts, the most recent of which is by Andrew Turnbull, author of a widely acclaimed biography of F. Scott Fitzgerald. It is a bland, unexciting work, giving us an ample description of the surface details of Wolfe's life, providing us with a good deal of interesting information about Wolfe's relationships with Aline Bernstein (the Esther Jack of *The Web and the Rock*) and Maxwell Perkins.

From the very beginning Wolfe recognized his own genius. At 23, while doing graduate work at Harvard he wrote his mother, declaring: "I don't know yet what I am capable of doing, but, by God, I have genius—I know it too well to blush behind it—and I shall force the inescapable fact down the throats of the rats and vermin who wait the proof." He had come to Harvard, against parental wishes, to study playwriting in the famous drama workshop of Professor George Pierce Baker. There he befriended Kenneth Raisbeck (Francis Starwick in *Of Time and the River*), wrote a series of "epic" plays about his native North Carolina, and read everything he could get his hands on. From Harvard he went on to New York University (the School for Utility Cultures), where he taught composition to the "little Jews" who were to plague his conscience throughout his life. He left NYU for Europe, returning with the well-known stage designer, Aline Bernstein, as his mistress.

Mrs. Bernstein was to become the dominant woman in his life, and it was under her influence that he decided to write *Look Homeward, Angel.* She was fifteen years older than he, and age alone made their romance impossible, but she listened to him as he unfurled the saga of Eugene Gant, she helped him find a publisher, she inspired him with her kindness. He repaid her by lacerating her with his tongue, calling her his "gray-haired Jew," and finally leaving her. In *The Web and the Rock,* he portrayed his abandonment of Esther

Jack as a kind of monastic renunciation.

His meeting with Maxwell Perkins, the famed senior editor of Scribner's and the discoverer of Fitzgerald and Hemingway, was the major event in his literary life. We have Mr. Turnbull to thank for shedding a good deal of light on their creative relationship. Of Perkins, Wolfe was to write: "I had for a friend a man of immense and patient wisdom and gentle but unyielding fortitude . . . I did not give in because he would not let me give in." But Perkins was more than a good friend and editor to Wolfe, he was virtually a father. A deeply conservative and aristocratic man who could not bring himself to repeat some of the language in Wolfe's books, he nevertheless forced Wolfe to continue his writing. It is doubtful that any of Wolfe's novels would have been the same without Perkins' editorial help. "God knows what I would do without [Perkins]," Wolfe wrote a friend. "I told him the other day that when [*Of Time and the River*] comes out, he could assert it was the only book he had ever written. I think he has pulled me right out of the swamp just by main strength and serene determination." In the end he left Perkins too. When, shortly after Wolfe's death, one of Perkins' colleagues opined that Aline Bernstein and Perkins had made Wolfe a great writer, the modest editor shot back: "No, Tom had the wit to find us."

Wolfe's tragic death in 1938 robbed American literature of one of its most powerful voices. He was still developing and growing at the time of his death. Mr. Turnbull has written an adequate, professional biography, which will be of great use to those interested in approaching Wolfe in a more scholarly way. However, for those interested in *learning* about Wolfe, the four great autobiographical novels are widely available in inexpensive editions and are crying to be read. □

TELEVISION

PUBLIC BROADCASTING: BORN TO BORE

C. H. SIMONDS

If only public television had been stillborn. But no, there it was on the screen every Sunday night, a great big bouncing Thalidomide baby. I don't know what you did, but I switched off the Public Broadcast Laboratory for good the night they trotted out Janis Ian, a seventeen-year-old folkum singer, to speak for something called the younger generation. Miss Ian's vocabulary consists of "um," "ah," "groovy" and "see"—which puts her one word up on the perpetrators of PBL, with their "relevant," "dialogue" and "meaningful."

Oh, I tried. I sat through the Walter Lippmann interview, and the police brutality debate, and what must have been hours of purse-lipped piety from Edward P. Morgan, PBL's anchor man and chief editorializer. I learned that dialogue to the PBL folks means locking representatives of every possible viewpoint, the extremer the better, in a small room, giving them overdoses of adrenalin and then turning on the cameras (I'll never forget the black/white dialogue on premiere night, which featured a crazed woman from the YWCA who kept hollering that "color makes no difference to me," several black militants who snarled that it sure as hell did to *them,* and a Very Nice Lady who just wanted to help the nee-grows). I watched PBL tiptoe around George Corley Wallace, being oh-so-fair and succeeding only in giving the wretch yet another free platform.

And there was PBL's live coverage of Human Rights Day over at the UN, when —right in my living room—Yehudi Menuhin and Ravi Shankar played a duet for violin and sitar. It was a Meeting of East and West, an off-camera voice explained in that reverent whisper usually used by broadcasters at golf matches. Menuhin looked silly in Nehru drag. I went to bed mumbling Kipling. The East won. PBL, the last best hope of television, had converted another few thousand viewers to local bowling.

ARMED WITH $10 million from the Ford Foundation, PBL was supposed to link the nation's 150 educational TV stations for live, in-depth coverage of news and cultural events that wicked commercial networks, allegedly committed to safety, noncontroversy and pap, shun. In so doing, PBL would point the way for the new Corporation for Public Broadcasting, a

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creature of the Federal Government that will (if Congress ever votes it any money) dispense funds to educational stations for program development and network interlocking.

One cause of PBL's failure was that it proceeded with one eye on Congress. It tried to be daring, innovative and probing and at the same time it strove not to offend the men who will decide the future of government-supported television. The predictable result was that, in the words of *New York Times* TV critic Jack Gould. "PBL's youthful entrepreneurs . . . only confirmed some congressional fears that public television might turn into a crusad-

ing journalistic instrument and frequently be dull in the process." In fact, there was more dullness than crusade: at a time when newsmen on the commercial networks had taken the big plunge and begun editorializing, e.g., the Vietnam war, PBL busied itself with half-hearted exposés of bad meat, and the new role of Madison Avenue in politics.

ANOTHER, deeper, cause of failure was the experiment's obsessive faith in the virtue of live-ness. Anything went, so long as it was happening right then. When PBL studied police brutality, for example, Morgan and a panel of three experts presided over live remotes from six cities. From each, black extremists ranted routine accusations and police officials repeated routine denials — and both sides ganged up on poor Morgan, accusing him of partiality (toward the end he conceded ruefully, "I'm not a very good traffic cop"). All we learned was that some citizens say there is police brutality, and the police say there isn't. There was no editing, no analysis (the three experts never really had a chance) and therefore no depth—just a noisy happening in six different places, brought to our homes by the magic of television.

Magic is not enough. To be, quite simply, worth anyone's time, television must make some effort to clarify and interpret what it shows. Commercial television, I complained here some time ago, is too ready to spend 55 minutes exhibiting a problem and the other five offering a pat solution. PBL, more often than not, didn't bother with solutions; it didn't even present the problems in a coherent way. It was content to show us *something happening now*—an approach that even the sports coverage on commercial television has outgrown.

To be sure, there was more to PBL than live nothingness. Often commentators were called in to offer their views—during the event, as in the police brutality thing, or after. In neither event was the commentary integrated with the material in an intelligent way. Negroes and whites shouted at each other in that small locked room for twenty minutes. Then a psychologist from Harvard offered a dreary five-minute monologue on what it all meant. Then Morgan editorialized on another subject. Had there been editing, cross-cutting, some exploitation of the quick contrasts that television is so good at putting across, the affair might have been at best instructive, and at least interesting.

PBL approached things cultural with deadly reverence; even a rehearsal by the Paul Taylor Dance Company—surely the most frolicsome of groups—was made to seem momentous. Something in the announcer's voice, the camera angles and the lighting made it obnoxiously clear that we were to wipe our feet, dammit, and never speak above a hush. Culture, we were to understand, is Good For Us. On the same night PBL wandered around the Festival of Contemporary Arts in Buffalo, taking all the fun out of it, the Bell Telephone Hour offered an hour special on NBC, called "Man Who Dances." The man, Edward Villella, was shown rehearsing, performing, relaxing, convincing a convocation at a boys' vocational high school that dancing is not unmasculine, and—once—collapsing offstage in complete exhaustion. The producers conveyed, with thorough professional technique, the constant physical exertion, the joy and the reaching, reaching that adds up to being a dancer. They ground no axes; they sold Villella to us the way he sold himself to the scoffish teen-agers: by showing him doing something superbly. PBL, I am afraid, would have made him an important bore.

IF WE ARE to have government-supported television, must it be deadly dull? If it is, it won't last. Even if we admit that it aims for the audience that prefers caviar to scrambled eggs (to reverse Lee Loveinger's obnoxious phrase), we can demand that the caviar be served properly. Advocates of public television insist that a network is needed, and that the fifteen directors of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (already carefully selected by President Johnson from the ranks of the grey-middle-intelligentsia and the culture/business axis) should make every effort to wring money out of Congress for that purpose. If the money must be spent, it will do more good if passed around to the individual ETV stations, for upgrading facilities and programming. That way, events of local interest could be effectively presented to local viewers—and when and only when something of more than local interest happens in, say, Omaha or Jacksonville, the network could be activated and other stations given the opportunity to show it. There would be no network-for-its-own-sake. This would obviate the necessity of filling a specified parcel of

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coast-to-coast time with *something*—a job which PBL did much more poorly than the commercial networks. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

COLONEL SUN, *by Robert Markham (Harper, $5.95).* Call him James Smith, the most intrepid agent of MI-5, and you have a super-dooper spy story combining all the best elements of the genre: fast movement, exotic locale, beautiful Mata Haris, a slit-eyed Oriental sadist who is cool, cool, cool when applying knife and skewer to quivering flesh. But call him James Bond, 007, and it's, alas, a dud—a bitter disappointment to the Ian Fleming fans who hoped Kingsley Amis (writing under the pseudonym Robert Markham) could pick up the James Bond series and run with it. The James Bond of *Colonel Sun* is a mirror image of the real thing: sophisticated, debonair, tough, resourceful, so devastatingly attractive that the first woman he meets, a Greek KGB agent, hops instantly into bed with him. But he's not authentic bottled in Bond. He remains true, at least for the duration of this story, to one woman. He has moral scruples—a young Greek deckhand who might be useful is dismissed before the fighting starts for fear he might get hurt. Worst of all, he's decent, through and through decent. Ian Fleming's James Bond had little use for conventional morality; 007⅞ does, and goodness, like good guys, often finishes last. Forget Ian Fleming and it's a good story although it hews a little too closely, for this reader's taste, to the current ideological line toward Communism. In *Colonel Sun*, the British secret service and the Soviet Union mount a joint operation to stop a Red Chinese plot to blow up a secret conference of world neutralist leaders called by Moscow on a remote Aegean island, and to place the blame on Great Britain. As the clock ticks away, Bond is in a cellar being tortured by the sadistic Colonel Sun; his cohorts are in irons; his chief, M, drugged and impotent, his girl being savaged by Nazi thugs. Will he . . . ? Yes, 007 triumphs again. Colonel Sun meets the same fate as Dr. No and Goldfinger. But the rest of us, good Ian Fleming fans all, are losers. P. L. BUCKLEY

HENRY CABOT LODGE, *by William J. Miller (Heineman, $8.50).* In his engaging, anecdotal biography, Miller is best when illustrating what it means to be born into the world with the surname Lodge. Item: When grandfather Lodge presents Cabot with a trip to Europe as his Harvard graduation present, President Coolidge and Secretary of State Hughes oblige with "To whom it may concern" letters for the tour. At Harvard, interestingly, he had been a "staunch member" of both the Republican and Conservative Clubs, and argued so continuously with his roommate Corliss Lamont that they decided to form a Debating Union on campus. Lodge's student conservatism changed perceptibly, however, at the very beginning of his political career, during his first term as a Massachusetts state legislator. In politics as in social life throughout his amazing career, Lodge is *the* Establishment Man. The trouble with the author is his suspension of judgment: everything Lodge does is hailed. Obviously written with the full cooperation of the subject, his family, and his political and social friends, it will disappoint none of them. By the same token it gives us some interesting glimpses of Establishment views and maneuverings on McCarthy (Joe), the Eisenhower draft and campaign, Taft, Goldwater, Vietnam. The author really loses his cool, however, from around 1950 on. Taft leads "the Neanderthal wing of the GOP," McCarthy "all but destroyed [Ike's] State Department," and the GOP convention in San Francisco is described as "more reminiscent of a Nuremburg rally of stormtroopers than the thoughtful deliberations of one of the two great parties of American democracy." D. FRANKE

MARX, *by Robert Payne (Simon and Schuster, $10).* The hardworking and competent Mr. Payne has now added Karl Marx to his verbal portrait gallery, which already includes Stalin, Lenin, Dostoyevsky, Chekhov, and Pasternak. This is a harsh portrait of a harsh youth and a harsh man. Those who would find in the "young Marx" a milk-of-human-kindness quality or those who would dissociate Marx's socialism from the rigidities of Marxism-Leninism will find no comfort in Mr. Payne's tracing of impressive consistency from schoolboy days to old age and of compatibility between master and disciples. E. MERRITT

ON THE LOOSE, *by Terry and Renny Russell (Sierra Club, $6.95).* Most photo albums (and home movies and color slides) of trips are big bores, because the trips most people take are big bores. This one is an exception. The travelers (neither, one gathers, of voting age) rambled through the western wilds, taking it all in. Back home, they mounted their pictures—color, very good—and enhanced them with calligraphed captions, their own words and those of Homer, Thoreau, Steve McQueen and other sages. The Sierra Club has published the thing intact; it's a joy, despite a rather mediocre printing job, and easily the Club's best conservationist tract because it's so unstrident. The Russell brothers (Terry was lost on a rafting trip in 1965) were no shiny-trailer campers with portable television sets: "Have we learned our lesson? You bet we have. Have we learned to . . . ask advice and to plan fastidiously and to stay on the trail and to camp only in designated campgrounds and to inquire locally and take enough clothes and keep off the grass? You bet we haven't." C. H. SIMONDS

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NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

DELECTATIONS

INDOOR GAMES

Sarah Bernhardt once said that there were only two kinds of indoor games and that she did not play cards. She was wrong. There are three, the third being fondue. And fondue is divided into three kinds: the classic Swiss one made with cheese, the Fondue Bourguignonne, which has nothing to do with Burgundy, where you cook your own meat at the table in hot fat, and Fondue Orientale, where you do the same in boiling bouillon. They are the ideal food for togetherness, total involvement, love-ins, drink-ins, entertaining-at-little-cost-ins and making-it-easy-for-the-hostess-ins, since she can assemble all the foods beforehand and doesn't have to budge from the dinner table.

With any fondue, you sit huddled over a coquelon, the earthenware pot used for cheese fondue, or a copper pot or any chafing dish, spearing up your cheese with bread or cooking your meat. I think four people per pot plenty, but then, I'm not a soul seeking intimacy over food.

The fondue is kept hot over a candle-warmer or an alcohol table stove. For a cheese fondue, this heat should not be too high or the cheese will become stringy, and it may have to be adjusted throughout the meal. Stand the alcohol stove in a metal tray to prevent possible fires from possible overturning. Use long-handled fondue forks, or in a pinch, metal skewers or even knitting needles.

La Vraie Fondue Suisse

The cheese: You must have a well-matured Swiss cheese, and preferably a mixture of the milder Emmentaler and the stronger Gruyere. Half and half is right for most people. The imported is best because it is properly aged. By the way, cheese diced or shredded melts better than grated cheese.

The wine: Use a light, slightly acid white wine, preferably a Swiss one, such as Neuchatel, a Dezaley or a Fendant, or any wine along these lines such as a Riesling. The acidity of the wine helps to liquify the cheese and make it homogenous. If you think the wine not sufficiently acid, add a little lemon juice which will help prevent lumps. *One teaspoon lemon juice for each 6 or 7 tablespoons of wine (3½ ounces) will serve.*

Cooking and care of the fondue: Cook the fondue in the kitchen over very low lit candleheater. Keep the fondue *bubbling lightly* at all times. Get the guests to stir the fondue as they dip into it to keep it smooth. If it gets too thick, add a little more *warm* wine, but do this on the kitchen stove. It it is too thin, on the stove again, add ½ to 1 teaspoon cornstarch (depending on the amount of fondue) diluted with up to ½ glass wine. The brown crust at the bottom of the pot which forms at the end is especially good.

Basic Cheese Fondue

For four people:

1 pound Emmentaler and Gruyere mixed according to taste and shredded or diced small.
3 tablespoons flour or 1½ tablespoons cornstarch (flour is easier)
1 garlic clove, cut
2 cups dry white wine
1 tablespoon lemon juice
3 tablespoons Kirsch or brandy
pepper or paprika to taste
2 loaves Italian or French bread, cut in cubes, with crust on each piece

Dredge the cheese lightly with the flour or cornstarch. Rub the cooking pot with garlic; pour in the wine and set over low to moderate heat. When air bubbles come up, add the lemon juice. Then add the cheese by handfuls, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon or fork until the cheese is melting. Add the Kirsch and the pepper and keep on stirring until the fondue is a smooth mass. It should be kept *below* the boiling point or the cheese will get stringy. Transfer to table and keep bubbling. Spear the bread cubes through the soft side into the crust, dunk and swirl in the fondue.

La Fondue Bourguignonne

Allow ½ pound lean sirloin or any other very tender beef for each serving. Cut the meat into ¾ to 1-inch cubes and place it in individual plates lined with salad greens, or it looks ghastly. In the kitchen, half fill the fondue saucepan with salad oil or clarified butter. If butter is used, it must be clarified or it will burn. Heat to boiling point and set on heating unit. Put a small piece of bread in the fat to prevent sputtering. Do not use olive oil because the taste is too definite, and preferably, use peanut oil.

Set the table for the fondue by placing the heating unit in the middle within easy reach of the guests. Put salt, pepper and paprika shakers, sauces and other garnishes around it. For each guest, allow two forks, a plate with the prepared meat, a salad plate, a finger bowl with lukewarm water and a slice of lemon and table napkins.

To cook and eat the fondue each guest first helps himself to sauces, olives, pickled onions etc. which he puts on his salad plate. He then spears a piece of meat with the first fork and dips it into the boiling fat, cooking it to his liking. Since the fork will be very hot by this time, the guest transfers his meat to the second fork and dips it into the sauce of his choice. While he is eating, the first fork will have cooled and he will use it to cook the next piece of meat.

The charm of a Fondue Bourguignonne lies in the number of sauces and accompaniments which can be as fanciful as the hostess wishes. Here are a few suggestions: Bearnaise or Hollandaise sauce, a must; Cumberland, Mustard sauces and Sauce Robert and Diable; Tomato Mayonnaise, cold or hot Horseradish Cream; Hot and Mild Mustards; Freshly grated or bottled Horseradish; Olives, Pickled Onions; Walnut Catsup etc.

La Fondue Orientale

Allow ½ pound lean sirloin or any other very tender beef for each serving, or mix the meats by adding veal, lean pork or lamb. Slice the meat into wafer-thin, bite-size pieces. If you slice the meats at home, freezing them slightly will make the job much easier.

Set the table for the Fondue Orientale as for the Fondue Bourguignonne.

Substitute beef or chicken bouillon for the hot fat, and keep it at the boiling point throughout the meal. Beef and veal should be lightly cooked in the boiling bouillon, but remember that pork *must* be very well cooked to avoid the danger of trichinosis. □

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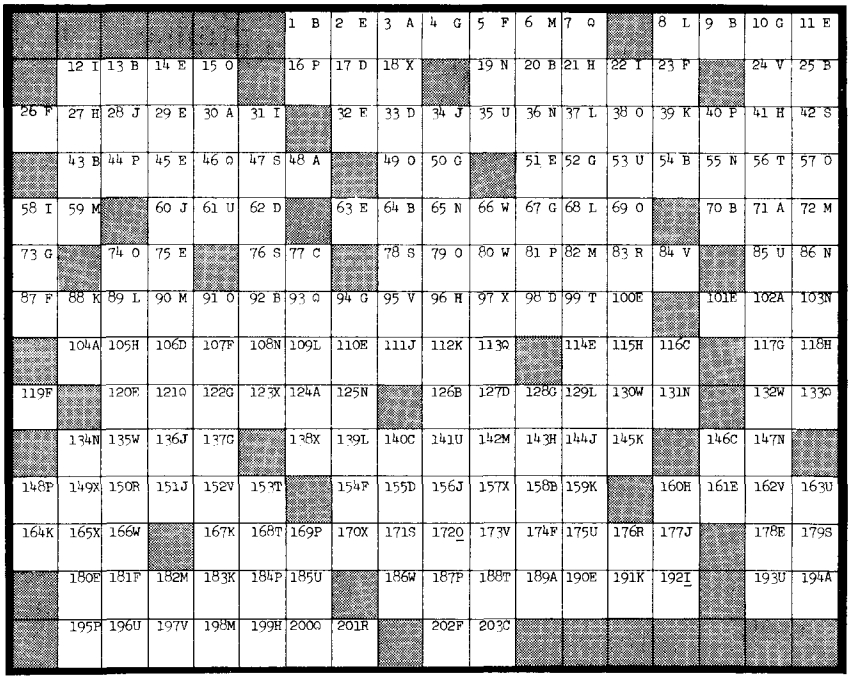
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Short-haired man towards whom opponents showed a cavalier attitude	3 194 104 102 189 71 124 30 48
B. An epithet of Athena	9 1 13 20 43 54 158 25 64 70
	92 126
C. A sudden, involuntary jerking movement of the body	77 146 140 116 203
D. A competitor in a contest	62 17 127 33 106 98 155
E. Where Britons check their baggage	100 2 32 75 45 120 161 180 14 190
	11 178 114 63 110 29 51
F. Deserving winner of Nobel prize	107 5 23 154 119 87 174 181 202 26
G. People who can restore law and order whenever they make up their minds to	128 94 117 4 50 10 67 73 122 137
	52
H. What nosy people sometimes get	143 21 96 105 115 199 27 118 41 160
I. Watches over and cares for	12 22 31 192 58
J. Equipment for a winter sport	28 111 144 177 136 34 60 151 156
K. Abominable	164 191 159 112 39 167 88 183 145

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
L. The first Republican candidate to win New York electoral vote	37 109 139 8 68 89 129
M. A fever which is also called-foot-and-mouth disease	72 6 59 198 82 182 142 90
N. The best wet goods	55 19 86 103 108 125 131 134 147 65
	36
O. A keen and quick insight	74 69 91 38 172 49 57 79 15
P. Foolish, silly	101 148 169 187 44 184 16 40 81 195
Q. How Lindbergh flew to Paris	121 200 113 7 93 133 46
R. Town in Grand County, Utah	150 176 83 201
S. The chairman of the House Armed Services Committee	179 76 171 47 42 78
T. An African antelope	188 56 99 168 153
U. A person of ardent zeal	196 35 53 61 85 141 163 175 185 193
V. What newspapers and NATIONAL REVIEW desire	84 24 152 95 162 173 197
W. Try	135 66 132 130 80 186 166
X. A national park in California	18 97 165 149 138 170 123 157

See page 623 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (June 4)

CALVIN COOLIDGE:

Letter to Bloom.

The Congressional Record comes to my office. . . . Thank you for . . . sending it to me. I had done nothing about getting it because since I have left Washington I have not cared to know about what was going on in the Congress, but your kindness is nonetheless greatly appreciated.

VIOLENCE

(cont. from p. 606)

primary responsibility in Negro neighborhoods. The impact of minimum wage laws deserves special scrutiny. We need not wonder why so many Negro teen-agers are on the streets during the summer when we consider the effect such laws are likely to have on the neighborhood small businessman. In many cities, the subject of rent control is politically explosive. Yet these same cities invariably suffer from an acute shortage of decent housing. There seems little reason to doubt that rent control discourages building; that this in turn produces the shortage; and that shortage of supply, as always, and inevitably, leads to indifference and negligence on the part of the landlord.

All these measures, and others, will be of use. Yet we cannot expect spectacular results in the short run. The advance of the Negroes, like the advance of other groups, will come mainly, if at all, through the efforts of the group itself. And while we are discussing the Negroes, it would be well for us to remember that the problem of urban violence is by no means exclusively a Negro problem. Beyond the specific problems of the Negroes looms a larger and more pervasive problem which seemingly is connected with the very conditions of modern urban existence. We have pointed to the weakness of the Negro family and to the atomistic character of the Negro community. Yet the white family is often no rock of Gibraltar, and all too many affluent middle-class white children give themselves over to pot, pill, and protest. We hear much of Negro violence. But at every level of the society an increasing number of people are empty and violent, depraved and irresponsible. Those all too modern murderers in Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* were not Negroes. □

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Goldwater v. Ginzburg

On The Right

New York, May 30—A few months after Senator Goldwater lost the Presidential election, I received a message, delivered by hand, from Ralph Ginzburg, the pornographer, advising me to use such influence as I have on Senator Goldwater to restrain him from pursuing a libel suit he had instituted against Ginzburg and his journal, *Fact* Magazine. You know Goldwater, Ginzburg said to me in effect, and you should tell him that if he proceeds with this lawsuit, I shall be forced to reveal such information about him as I have heretofore—such being the reticence of Mr. Ginzburg—withheld from the public.

I passed along the communication to Senator Goldwater's lawyer and we chatted about it, and learned that another friend of the senator's had received an identical message by telegram. I wondered why Mr. Ginzburg disdained the use of the United States mail. That was innocent of me. The possible reason why, said the lawyer patiently, is that there is a law against using the post office for purposes of blackmail.

I must confess that I thought it unprofitable for Senator Goldwater to launch the suit, and told him so. Imagine coming into a city that had gone against him four to one, in which his name was anathema on account of the great and barbarous excesses of his critics during 1964, and facing a jury of twelve men and women and persuading them unanimously not merely that he had been libeled, but that the libeler had proceeded against him with what the Supreme Court calls "actual malice," i.e. with either a reckless disregard for the known facts, or with the knowledge that what he had said was untrue. But Senator Goldwater was aroused. And he is the kind of man who gets aroused not merely because of self-concern. He was aroused because, as he put it, "if you can say that kind of thing about a man who is running for public office, then decent men are going to stop running for public office."

What kind of thing? Ginzburg had published in his magazine, garishly advertised in the national press, allegations touching on Mr. Goldwater's essential qualifications as a human being. A summary of the allegations of that issue of *Fact* were that Mr. Goldwater was "homosexual, latent or overt, doubted his manhood, was emotionally unstable, paranoid, was, like Hitler, a sadist, immoral, and amoral, and a mass murderer."

The trial lasted for three weeks. The defense, which sought at first to insist that the charges against Goldwater were true, quickly retreated to what the lawyers call "fair comment." And in due course they retreated from that, on over to a defense against the charges of actual malice. But skillful questioning by Mr. Robb for Senator Goldwater, plus the senator's own wholesome performance on the stand, were apparently enough to persuade the jury that Ginzburg had every reason to believe that the charges he was publishing against Goldwater were not only false but preposterous, but that he published them anyway. Mr. Goldwater had not asked for, nor did the jury award him, compensatory damages. It is not likely that the article cost Mr. Goldwater the election. But the jury did award punitive damages, in the sum of $75,000, $50,000 against the defunct magazine *Fact,* $25,000 against Ginzburg. He will, of course, appeal (everyone always appeals), and there is little doubt but that by the time the highest court instructs Mr. Ginzburg to stop dilly-dallying and pay over the 25 grand, much more than that will have been spent by Senator Goldwater on lawyer's fees. Lawsuits come high, but Goldwater's contribution—his own time, his money, and self exposure to ignominious questioning—is in the tradition of public service to which the senator has been addicted over all those years when his detractor Ginzburg was making his living by pandering to his readers' lubricious appetites.

A lot has been done in recent years to define libel law as it concerns public figures, and the renowned *New York Times* v. *Sullivan,* estopping public figures from suing unless they can prove actual malice, is in the right direction. But surely the reform most overdue would require the loser of libel suits to pay the cost of the winner? The American Ginzburg of the future should be required, as they are in England, to pay the cost of litigation. Otherwise judgments as moral vindications are only available to wealthy men. □

REAGAN—ROCKEFELLER *New York,* May 26 — Governor Reagan has been making some splendid speeches lately. I especially like what he said in Chicago about American foreign policy, but I will not tell you what that was until at the end of this column, because I know what newspaper editors know: namely that readers are far less interested in what the Presidential candidates are saying, than they are in the political implications of what they are doing.

I say "Presidential candidate" in referring to Mr. Reagan because, clearly, that is what he is. But in saying so, a distinction needs I think to be made. The Reagan strategists have reasoned over a long period that Mr. Reagan is a candidate in the nature of things—as distinguished from a self-made candidate, so to speak. Granted it is possible to defy the nature of things by, let us say, packing one's suitcases and going off to a monastery. But very little short of that will do. Nelson Rockefeller, during the past year or so, said publicly oh maybe eighteen-hundred times that he would not run for the Presidency. It is even possible that he meant what he said. But what the political scientists refer to as the relationship of forces dominates the situation. If someone is a) the governor of New York or the governor of California, and if b) he has a national following, and c) if he is identified as the leader of an important part of the spectrum—then he is available to his party for the Presidential nomination. It is one of those ineluctable things in life, and the public acceptance of it is evident in the disposition to put up with the ritual hypocrisies. Nobody makes a serious effort to criticize Rockefeller for saying he wasn't going to run, any more than they criticized Adlai Stevenson, the original ambiguist.

The question is whether the same ineluctable laws would require Ronald

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Reagan to accept a Vice Presidential place alongside a Rockefeller nomination. The situation is different from the pickle that Lyndon Johnson found himself in after the nomination of John Kennedy in Los Angeles. That was *fait accompli* and the forces of party unity crashed down on Kennedy and Johnson, enough to have made it extremely difficult either for Kennedy to decline to make the offer, or for Johnson to decline to accept it. But in the existing situation, Ronald Reagan would have to support Rockefeller's nomination in order for Rockefeller to be put in a position which required Reagan's designation as Vice President. I found myself explaining this to a shrewd listener, whose laconic comment on Reagan's involvement in any plot to make Rockefeller President so as to make himself Vice President, was—"Mortal sin." That is the theological reading for intentional, premeditated selling out of one's own position for temporal advantage.

And I am here to say: it isn't going to happen. However, there will be great efforts made to try to make it happen.

Consider the efforts Mr. Rockefeller is making. They are clearly the result of his visible distress at his political impotence. If he does not get the votes of Ronald Reagan, he is through—out, finished, as a Presidential contender. So that he now proclaims that there is no truly wide ideological gap between himself and Ronald Reagan, even though Ronald Reagan has for many years been a spokesman for those dark forces which Governor Rockefeller used to tell us were bringing the country down to ruin.

Governor Reagan stands, in Republican politics, exactly where Goldwater stood, given the normal differences between men of different psychic disposition. Others will take up the banner, and in the weeks ahead Mr. Reagan is likely to be shielded from the kind of criticism he would normally attract. Because to criticize Reagan if you are over there in the Rockefeller wing of the party is to make it even unlikelier that Reagan would conspire with Rockefeller. To cap the irony, the morning's news is that Mr. Rockefeller will launch some severe criticisms of Richard Nixon. So you have the leftist candidate criticizing severely the centrist candidate and wooing ardently the support of the rightist candidate. That's politics. That's Rockefeller.

Meanwhile, What kind of thing is Ronald Reagan saying? Hardly the kind of thing that would commend him to the Rockefeller wing. He said in Chicago that the "new breed of policy-makers" have been protesting against the "supposed oversimplifications of those who have argued for action" in American foreign policy. "The fetish complexity, the trick of making hard decisions harder to make—the art, finally, of rationalizing the non-decision, have made a ruin of American foreign policy." Try gluing that kind of thing to Rockefeller, and you will find that it just won't stick. □

THE 'FLUNKY JOBS'

Cleveland, May 28—I am in town to talk and to listen. I am anxious to interrogate Mayor Carl B. Stokes, on whom the eyes of the nation are trained because he was the first Negro to be elected mayor of a large city. And to interrogate the Republican who narrowly lost the election to Mr. Stokes last fall, the suave and brilliant grandson of President William Howard Taft. And I am to lecture the Ohio Association of Broadcasters who are convened here at the Sheraton-Cleveland where Governor Ronald Reagan of California had made so great an impression by insisting that in 1968 we actually have that missile gap over which Candidate John Kennedy unnecessarily fretted in 1960.

Buckley

In brief, there is a lot happening in Cleveland—although the spirit of the Chamber of Commerce hardly prevails. The *New York Times Sunday Magazine,* commenting on the disappointing record of Mayor Stokes after 100 days of rule, observed last spring that Cleveland will not forever survive on the basis of the reputation of its incomparable symphony orchestra. The question is in a sense spiritual: has Cleveland given up? A guest at the Sheraton-Cleveland Hotel is bound to conclude that that is the case. We read that a projected urban renewal program contemplates the construction of a new luxury hotel in Cleveland. At the Sheraton one wonders excitedly whether it will actually have waiters in it.

I mean to plant the seeds of my own inconveniences in order to water a more serious point. My generous hosts provided me with an enormous suite, where I have sat, during the past hours, studying a dozen accounts of the problems of Cleveland. I note across from my typewriter a framed tribute to New Jersey, remarking that "Governor Richard C. Hughes was a guest in this suite June 6 to 10, 1964." If the Governor actually survived four days in this hotel, he certainly deserves the tribute. Though who knows, perhaps visiting governors carry thermos bottles with hot soup.

Poring over the literature on the problems of Cleveland, I called at 8 P.M. for a simple dinner, which arrived at 10:25. During the interval I reported my condition to Room Service every fifteen minutes or so, giving my exact location, and encouraging their heroic resolution. At 10:15 I called the manager and asked in emaciated accents whether he could recommend a hotel in Cleveland whose staff was not on strike, which witticism he elected to misunderstand. What made the piquancy, and lifted the experience out of routine complaint against the execrable service of the giantistic corporation that forever ruins responsive local enterprise, is that while I waited for Sheraton-Cleveland to find someone to send me some soup, I was reading about Cleveland's unemployment problem in Hough where "10 to 20 per cent of the working population is jobless."

When the waiter finally appeared (I thought I heard the strains of Her Majesty's Bugle Corps when he knocked on the door), I asked him whether disservice was a tradition of the Sheraton-Cleveland, or whether it was hard to find help. He said that the hotel had merely "to call up the union" in order to get extra people. I wonder whether it is so, considering that the prejudice grows against what Mr. Saul Friedman has called "the flunky jobs."

Mr. Friedman, a scholar with a background as a social worker in Cleveland, comments on the situation immediately before the riots: "Many unskilled Negroes, lacking high school educations, apparently resented the fact that, once channeled through [the poverty program's professional training centers], they would not find themselves behind sleek mahogany desks with the grand-sounding title, Digital-Computer-Programmer. Though the avenue of self-improvement through continued education and work experience had been opened, myopic vision and the glittering appeal of such slogans as 'Freedom Now' and 'Black Power' prevented them from seeing that today's historian was yesterday's gluer in a fishing tackle shop, that today's professor of sociology at Harvard University was yesterday's pants presser in a dry-cleaning plant in Atlanta, that tomorrow's physician might be today's gardener or street cleaner." Meanwhile dissatisfaction festers in Cleveland. And its principal hotel seems the outstanding candidate for any convention of hunger strikers. □

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Right now it's all systems go for **Richard Nixon**. **Melvin Laird**, chairman of the House Republican Conference, is urging **Nelson Rockefeller** to get out of the race and throw his support to Nixon. . . . **Charles Percy** believes it's "99.44 per cent certain" that Nixon will get it and indicates he wouldn't mind being Vice President on that ticket; ditto **George Romney** if Sen. **Robert Griffin** of Mich. can be believed. . . . **Rockefeller** continues to say that that oh so elusive tide (which taken at the flood etc.) is now running his way and is very cross at **Ray Bliss** for refusing to put liberal Republican Gov. **Raymond Shafer** of Pennsylvania on the platform committee—which is, incidentally, another sign that Rocky is losing his grip on liberal wing of the party. . . . **Reagan** campaign suffered blow: shooting of **Robert Kennedy** in Los Angeles offset publicity gains that normally would have accrued to Reagan in favorite son balloting in California, as well as fact that conservative wing of GOP is strong: *vide* upset victory of **Max Rafferty** against liberal **Thomas Kuchel** in senatorial primary. . . . Former Rep. **Howard (Bo) Callaway** of Georgia (who lost out to **Lester Maddox** in 1966 gubernatorial contest that was so close—Callaway had a plurality—it was decided by Georgia House) has taken job as Nixon campaign chairman in the South.

■ On Democratic side: **Hubert Humphrey** turns out to be The Enemy (among the Democrats) of Communist *Worker*. Sample titles of five-part series on him by **Carl Bloice:** "Diamond Operators are Humphrey's Best Friends" (May 24), "Hubert, the Spider of the Cold-War Web" (May 21). . . . **Sanford Gottlieb** of SANE also finds Humphrey "unacceptable as a candidate for Presidency." . . . Liberal, very (93 ADA, 98 COPE), Rep. **Harry B. Gonzales** of Texas came out last week for HHH with formation of "Arriba Humphrey" group that was, obviously, intended to try to win back Mexican-American votes. . . . **Dick Gregory**'s Presidential campaign has been suspended for ninety days—he's reported to authorities in Washington State to start serving a sentence for violating fishing rights last year, when he was protesting with local Indians. . . .

Toronto Telegram Ben Roth Agency

"But isn't there somewhere the natives aren't restless?"

■ Full page ad in *Guardian* solicits contributions to help defray legal costs of Boston Five trial. . . . *New Left Notes*, the paper of the SDS, has a handy-dandy Draft Resisters Form: fill out and we'll see you are represented by "**Arthur Kinoy**, **Morton Stavia**, **William Kunstler**, **Robert Boehm**, **George Logan II**, **Harriet Van Tassel**, or **Dennis Roberts**." . . . **J. Edgar Hoover,** incidentally, says that most of the draft cards burned and turned in turn out to be counterfeits. . . . **Mario Savio**, of the Berkeley Free Speech Movement, is against young men going to jail rather than be drafted because "we need the people who go to jail out of jail" to agitate against a racist imperialist America. Savio is running for Congress in California on Peace and Freedom Party ticket. He attacks the Democratic Party as "racist."

■ Prisoners. A *Los Angeles Times* report says former Venezuelan dictator **Pérez-Jiménez,** who has been in Caracas jail since 1962 and on trial since 1964 (and we think our courts are slow!), will soon be found guilty, sentenced to thirteen years and released, since every day served before sentence counts for two. . . . In Durban, a former white mercenary, **Johannes Antonie Venter**, reports that he was hired by two Belgians to fly a plane in an attempted rescue of **Moise Tshombe** in Algeria last month. According to Venter, Algerian police picked them up shortly after they touched down, held them five days and then expelled them. . . . According to East European diplomats the Tibetan **Panchan Lama,** who first collaborated with the Red Chinese and then opposed them, is very ill. He has been held in a Chinese labor camp since 1966. . . . **Andreas Papandreou**, Greek leftist leader recently released from house arrest, is in Sweden, will teach at a university in Stockholm next fall. . . . General **Jan Sejna**, the Czech general who defected earlier this year, was part of the Novotny faction, now out of favor in Prague. The Czechs want him back and it's reported Washington may accede to the request under terms of a 1926 treaty.

■ *La vraie tragédie*: French fashion houses report unless they get fabrics instantly there'll be no fashion showings next month: no **Parisian styles** next winter.

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